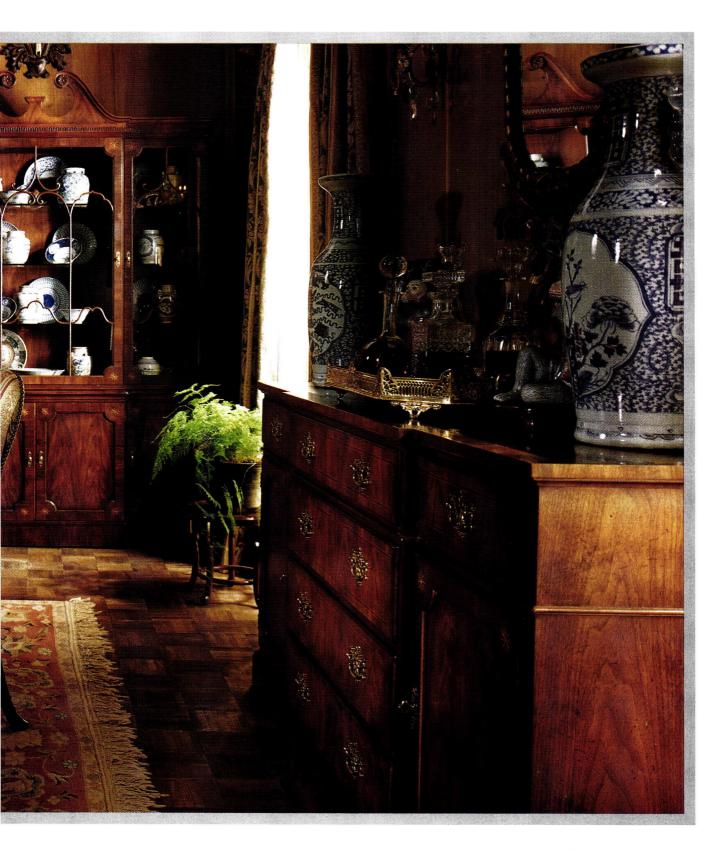


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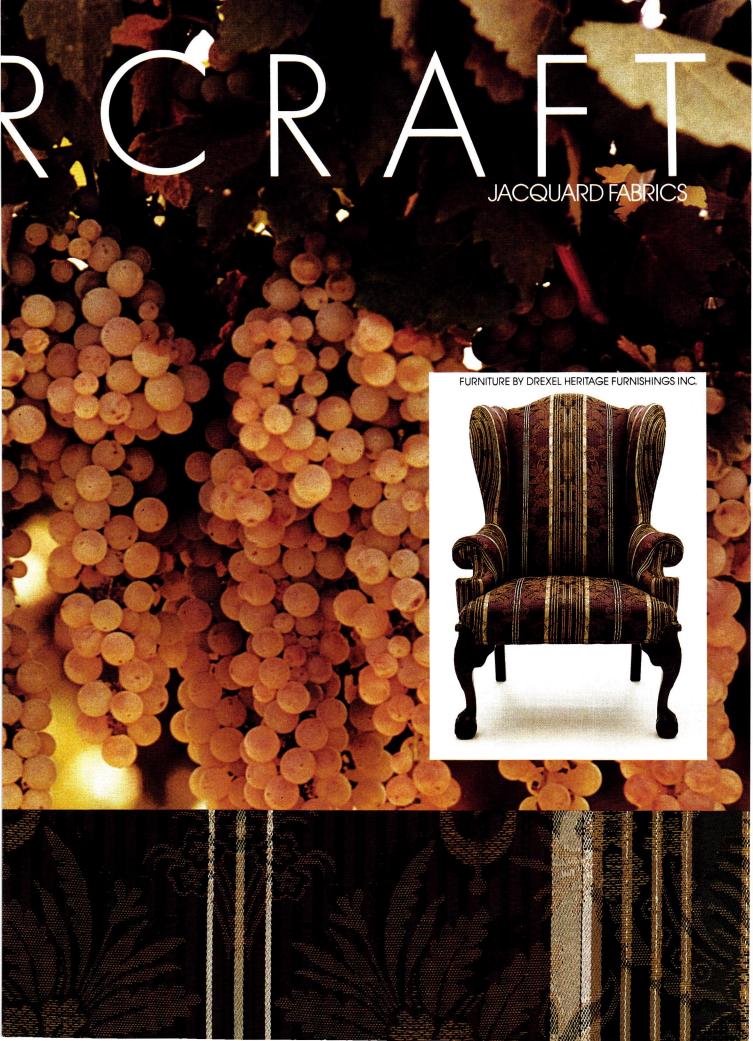
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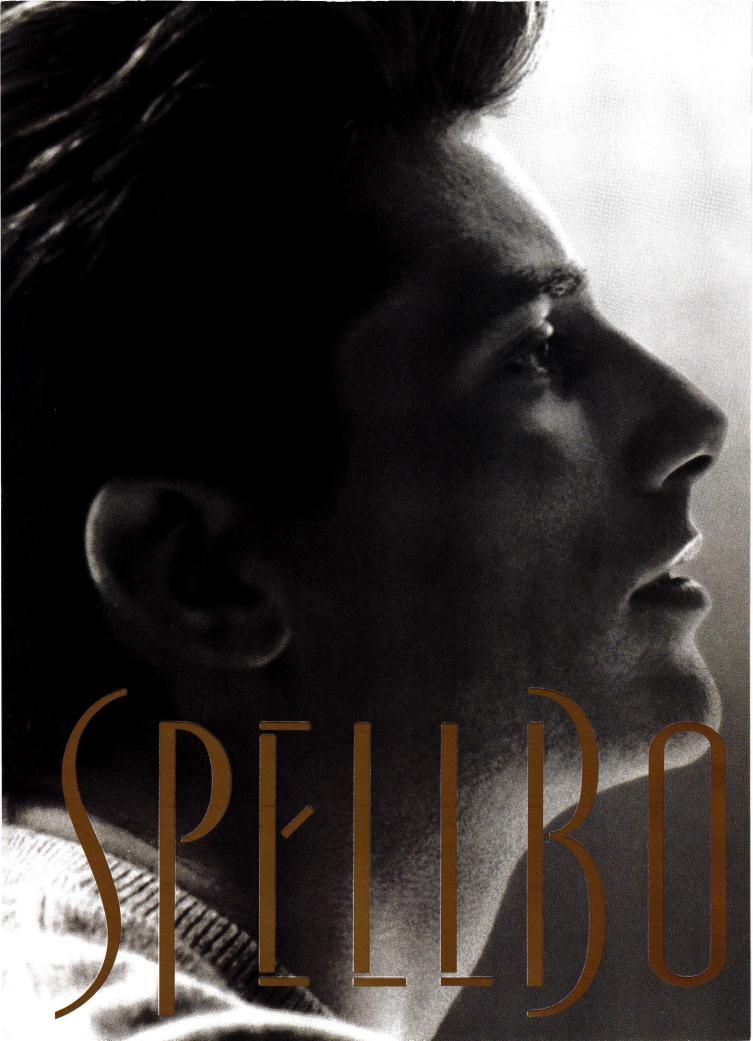


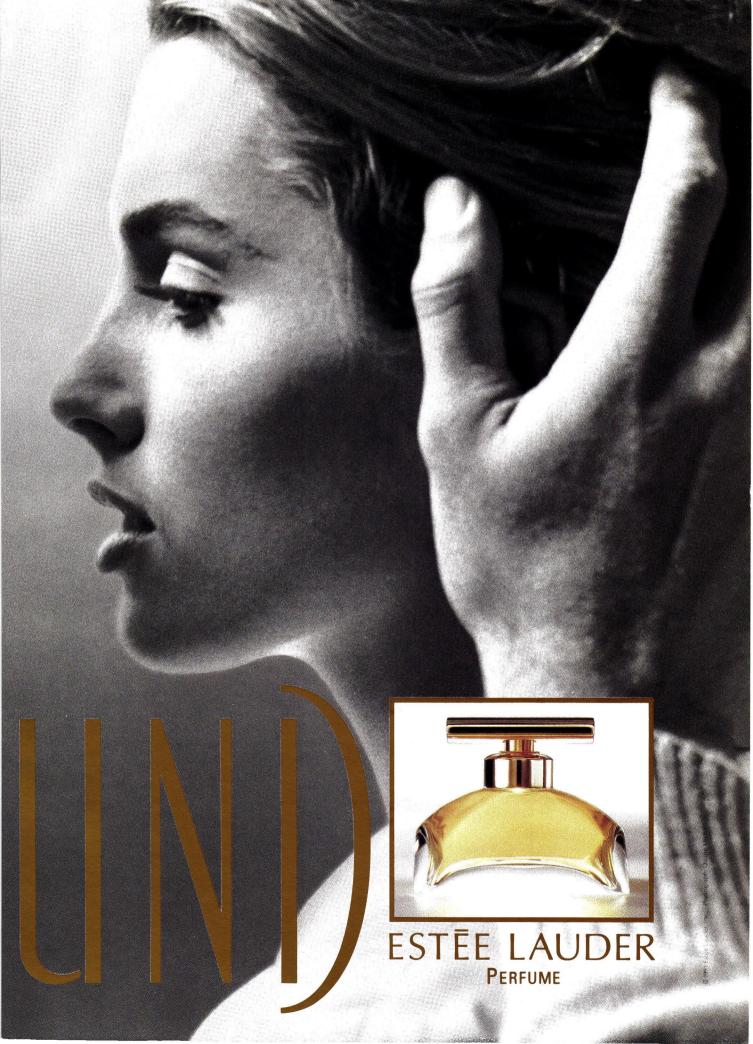
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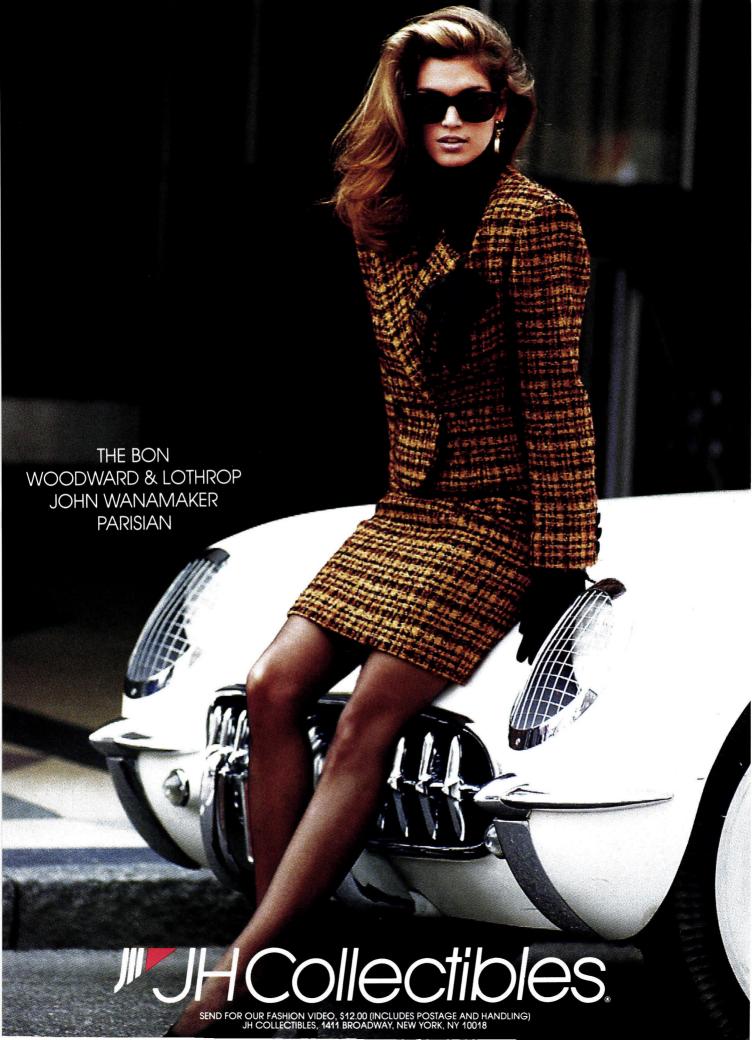
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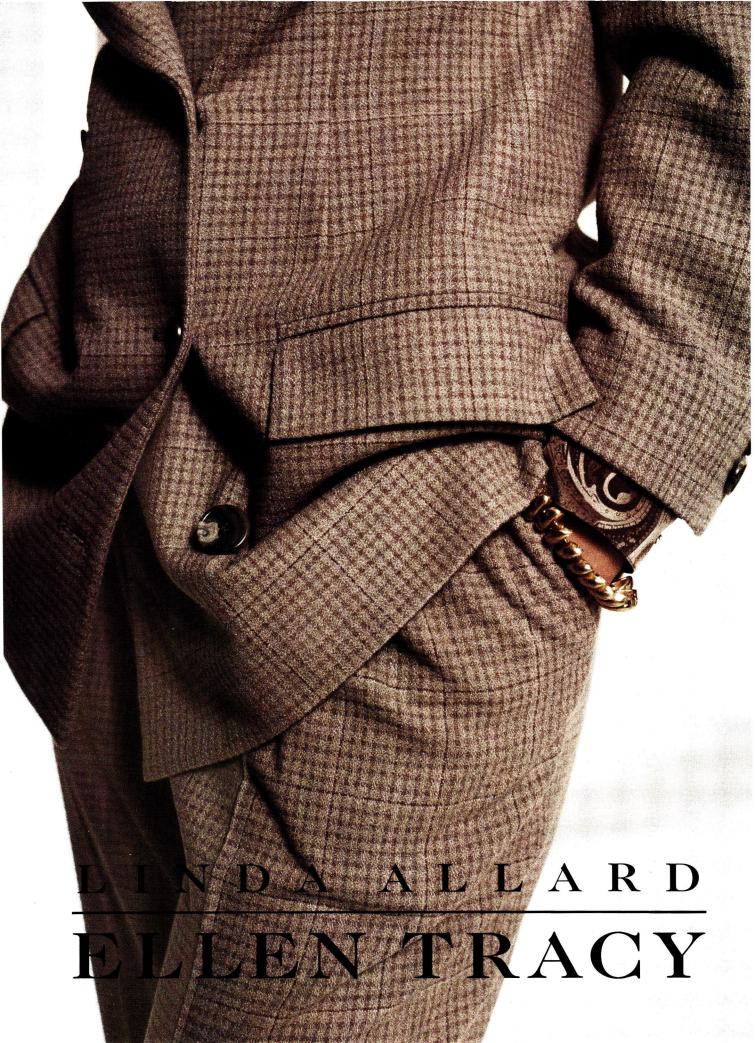
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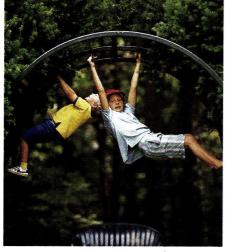
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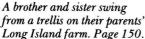








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A sophisticated
mix of 20th-century
design in a Manhattan
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Photograph by
Michael Mundy.





Shozo Toyohisa's winged TV monitor.
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A Maine garden features marigold 'Lemon Gem' beyond a wooden gate. Page 126.

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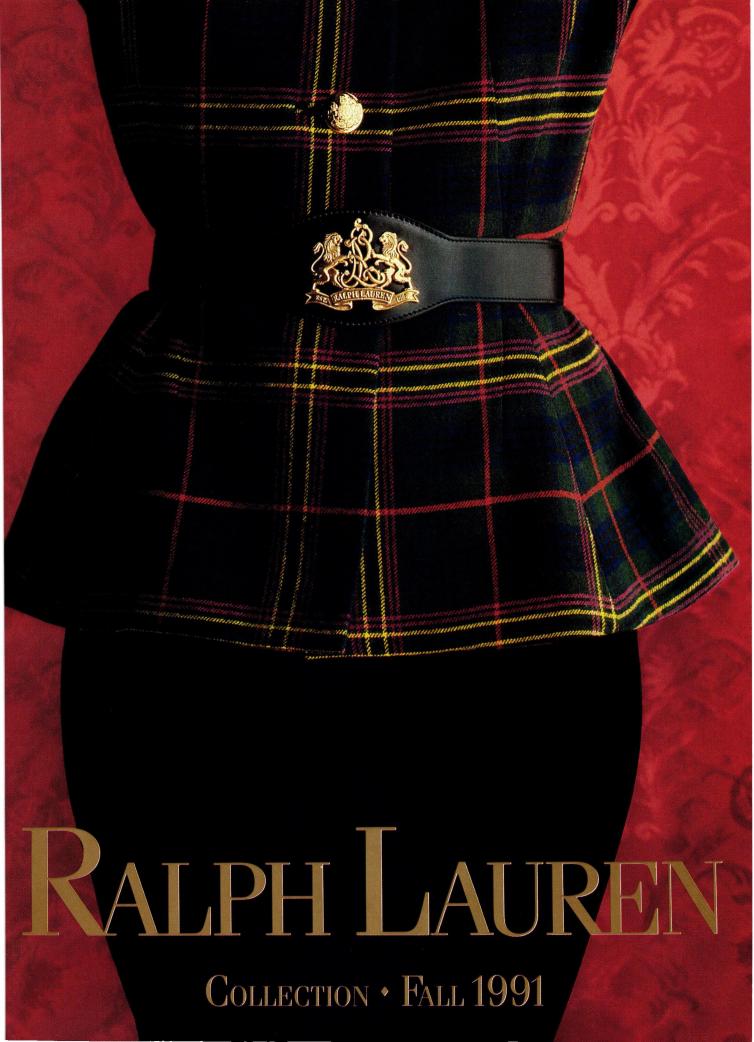
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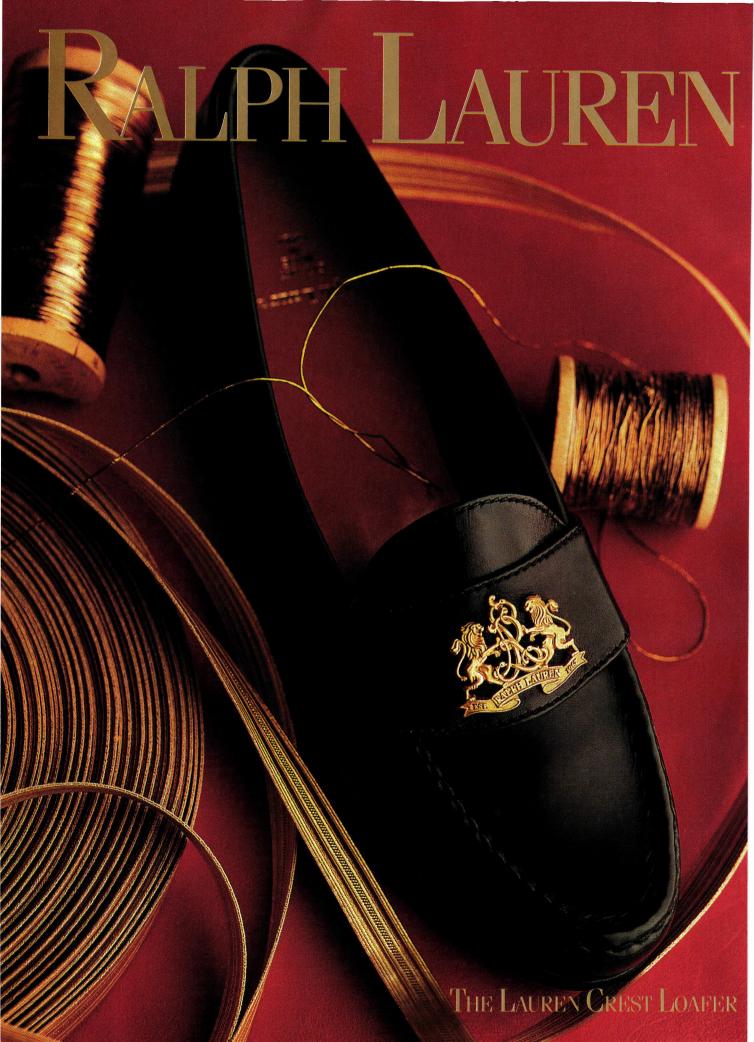
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SEPTEMBER











THE TARTAN HIGHBOY







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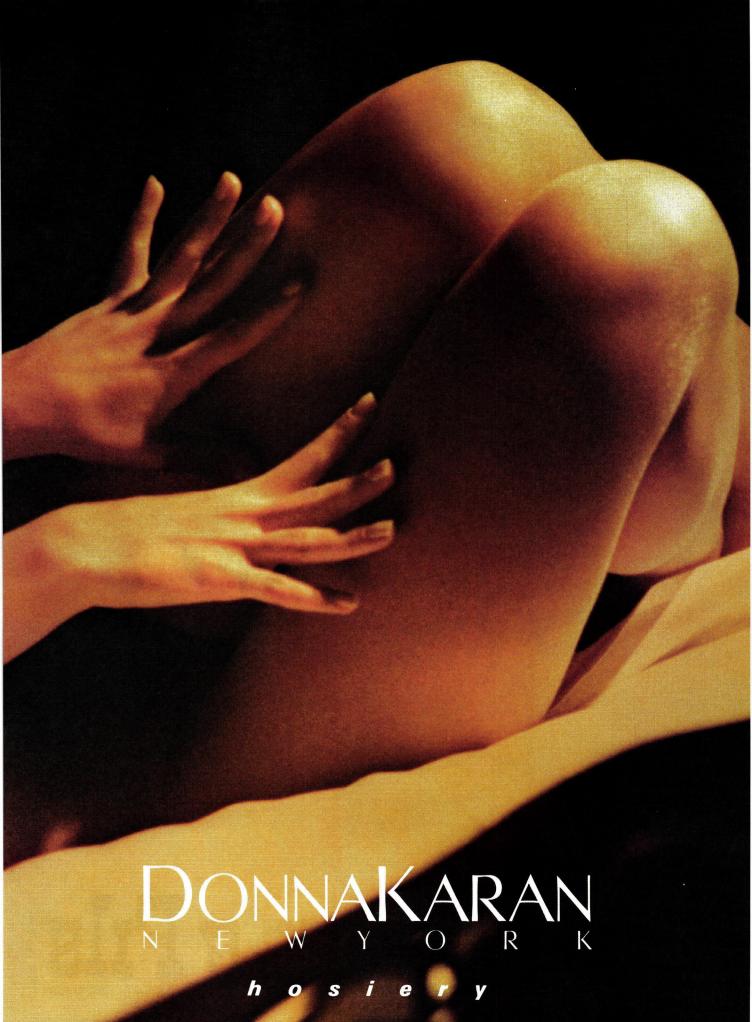


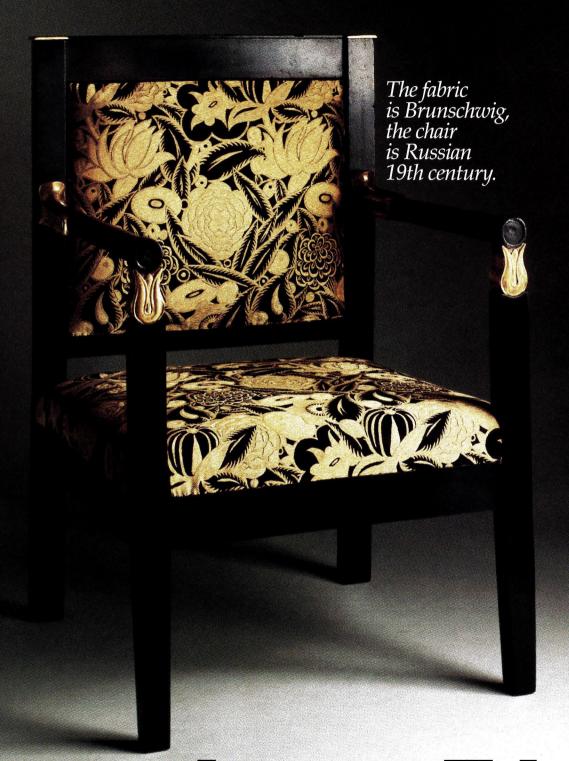
The 19th-century still-life painter John F. Peto in his studio. Page 80.



Godley-Schwan's playful Checkers cabinet. Page 60.







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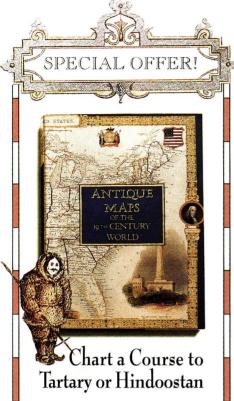
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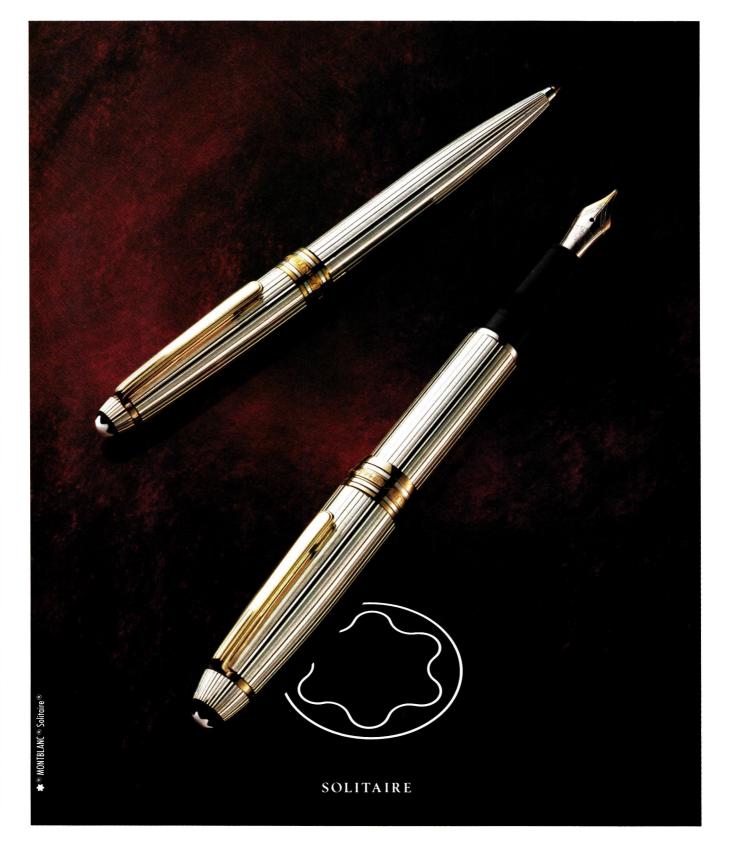
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Karl Lagerfeld unveils his restored Monte Carlo villa, formerly the domain of the Belle Époque beauty Daisy, princess of Pless. The couturier, who photographed the villa for HG, began taking pictures five years ago out of necessity: "I couldn't find any good photographers to shoot my products and I needed the work done fast. So it just made sense that I should handle it. Now I photograph for magazines whenever I can find the time.'



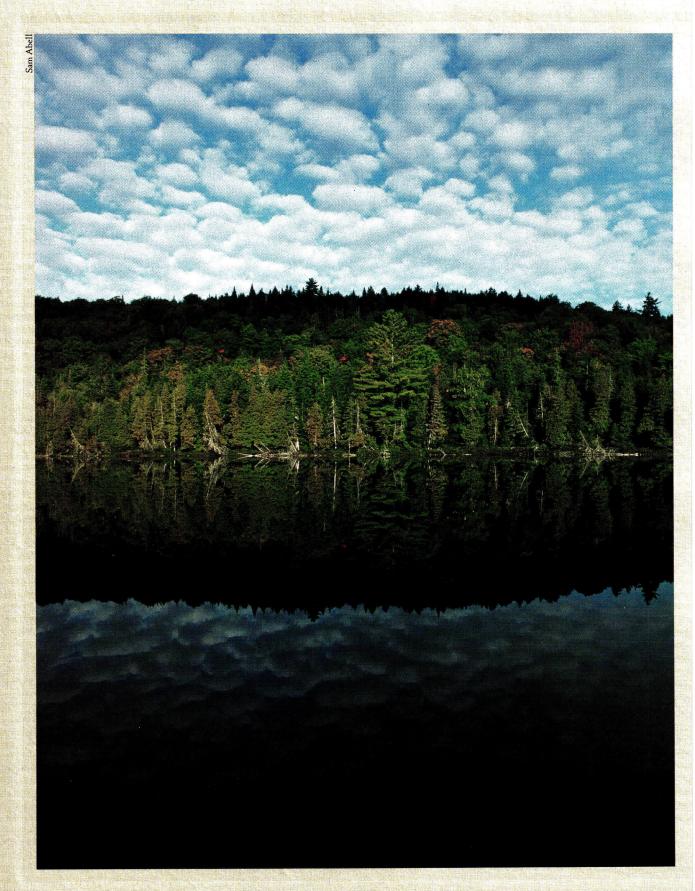
Holly Brubach, The New Yorker's peripatetic fashion critic, relates the romantic history of Karl Lagerfeld's Riviera retreat. Originally a dance critic, Brubach says she "fell into fashion writing at first as a self-justification for my exorbitant clothes spending. But I soon became fascinated by the subject and its parallel themes of vanity, greed, and sex." Brubach is writing a book on the history of Vogue magazine.



Eleanor Weller (left) and Mac Griswold (right) collaborated on The Golden Age of American Gardens: Proud Owners, Private Estates, 1890-1940 (to be published next month by Harry N. Abrams), parts of which have been adapted for this issue. Griswold cites various motives for the creation of these ambitious landscapes: "Some owners sought social advancement, others longed for the appearance of a dynastic family life, and a few were actually enthralled by gardening and nature."







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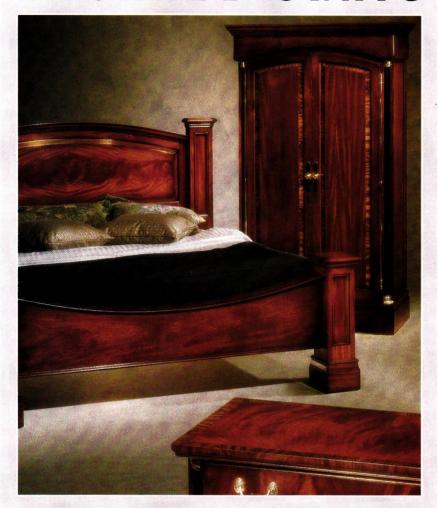
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John Wilmerding, Sarofim Professor of American Art at Princeton University, explores nineteenth-century still-life master John F. Peto's New Jersey house and studio, now a bed-and-breakfast inn. "Peto was a withdrawn person who didn't look to New York or Paris for inspiration. To understand him, you have to see his studio, the colors and textures around him, the bric-a-brac and books he owned." Wilmerding's book of essays, *American Views*, is due this fall from Princeton University Press.



Leslie Land extols the virtues of nearly forgotten varieties of historic American apples. Author of *The Modern Country Cook*, published in June by Viking, and a former chef and caterer, Land turned to journalism "because it gave me the opportunity to share my love for the history of food as well as to provide immediate pleasure."

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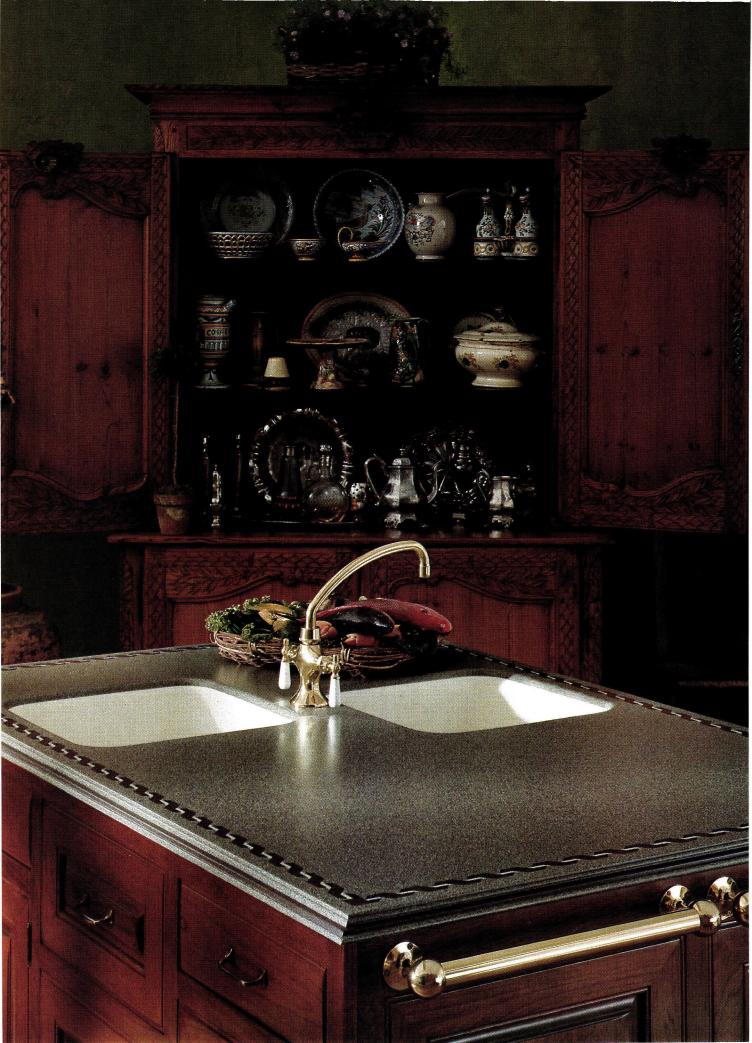
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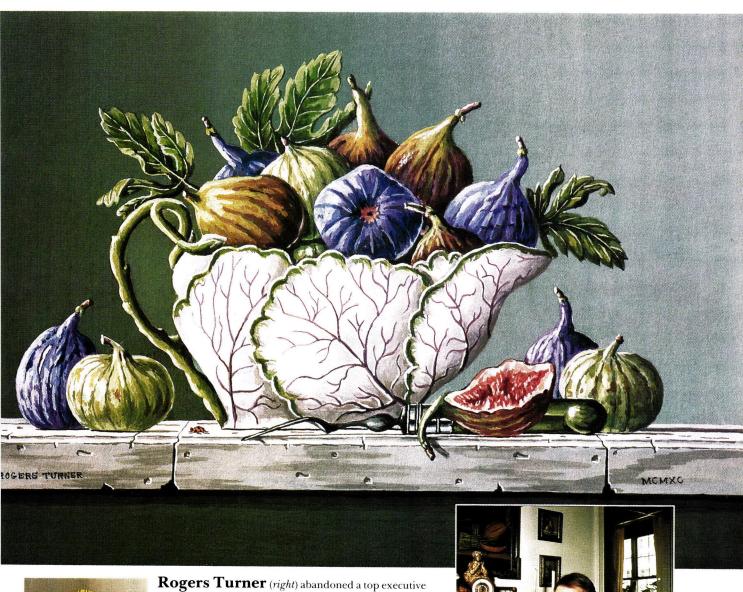


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HG REPORTS ON THE NEW AND THE NOTEWORTHY By Eric Berthold





Rogers Turner (right) abandoned a top executive job in an oil company after thirty years to do what he had set out to do when he first came to New York: be a painter. Since then he has filled his days looking very carefully at everything, from asparagus to figs (above) and sunflowers (left), and turning out gouaches of fruits, flowers, and vegetables. Reminiscent of Dutch and French 18th-century still lifes, his paintings often include pieces of faience and delft or glimpses of art from his collection. His first exhibition since 1981 runs Sept. 23–Oct. 11 at Frederick P. Victoria & Son, 154 East 55th St., NYC (212) 755-2549.

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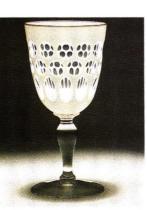
• Greenwich Sacred Heart Antiques Show, Sept. 20-22, Greenwich (203) 531-6500.

• Armory Antiques Show, Sept. 25-29, Seventh Regiment Armory, NYC, call (914) 698-3442. ● Puck Antiques Market, Sept. 28-29, Puck Building, NYC, call (518) 392-6711.





Louis II de Bavière (left) from Saint-Louis (212) 838-3880, and (right to far right) Djerba goblet from Hermès (800) 441-4488; Terpsichore from Val Saint Lambert (203) 734-8090; Turnover bowl from Waterford's Museum Collection at Neiman Marcus.

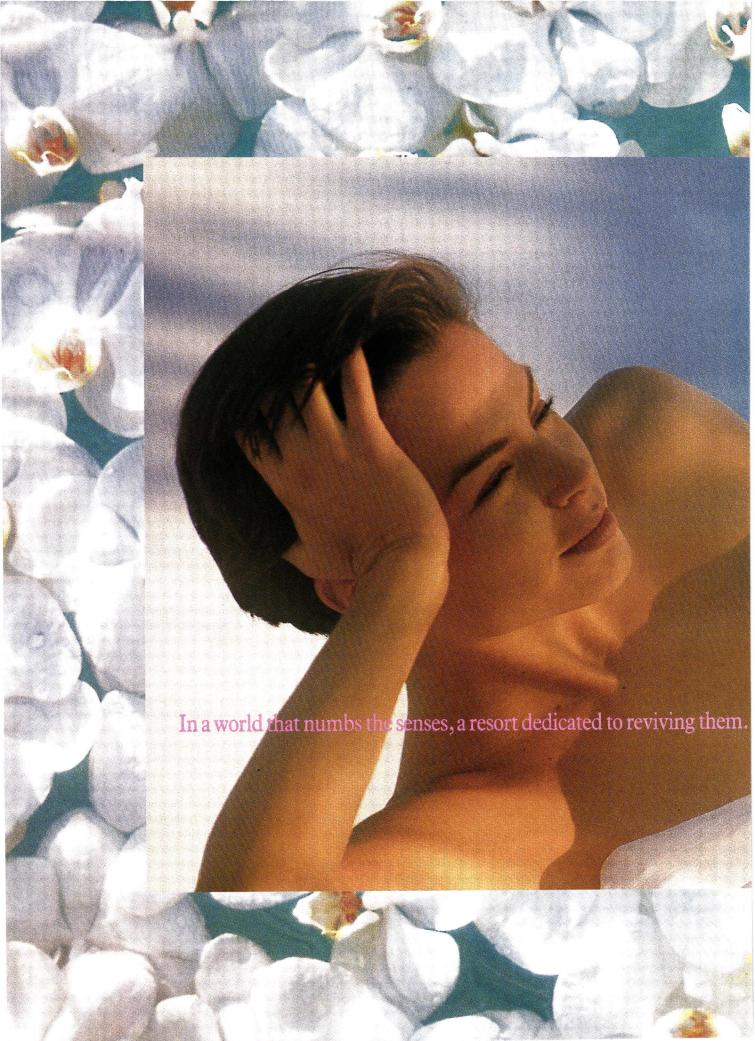


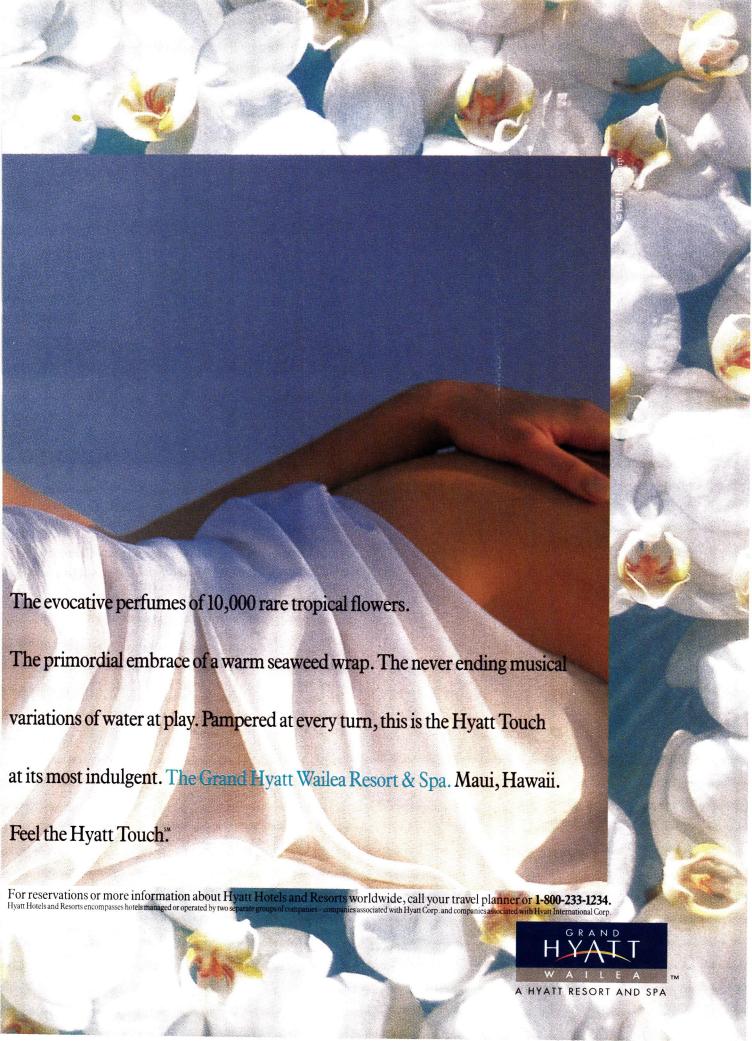
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Royal Gardener's Treasure

As a connoisseur, André Le Nôtre pleased his own taste and Louis XIV's By OLIVIER BERNIER Paintings by Poussin, a sculpture by Michelangelo, even a pair of Egyptian sarcophagi, all of irreproachable quality—it was the sort of collection that only a wealthy connoisseur could put together, a collection worthy of a king. Yet it belonged to a man who called himself a "poor gardener."

André Le Nôtre was, of course, far more than a gardener. The son and grandson of supervisors of the French royal parks, he was a genius, the creator of what we know today as the French garden. Vaux-le-Vicomte, Versailles, and Chantilly attest to his inventiveness and his feeling for light, color, and water. What is often forgotten is that he was also a distinguished art collector.

In an era when collecting was reserved for the most privileged, it is surprising that even this greatest of garden designers should compete with the likes of Louis XIV and Philip IV of Spain, especially given Le Nôtre's lack of pretension. He "had an honesty, correctness, and rectitude which made everyone respect and love him," wrote Louis de Rouvroy, duc de Saint-Simon, in his memoirs. "Never did he try to rise above his station.... He had a charming naiveté and truthfulness." At one point Louis XIV lent Le Nôtre to Pope Innocent XI for a few months. According to Saint-Simon, when Le Nôtre met the pope, "instead of kneeling down he ran right up to him. 'Well, hello, Reverend Father,' he said,

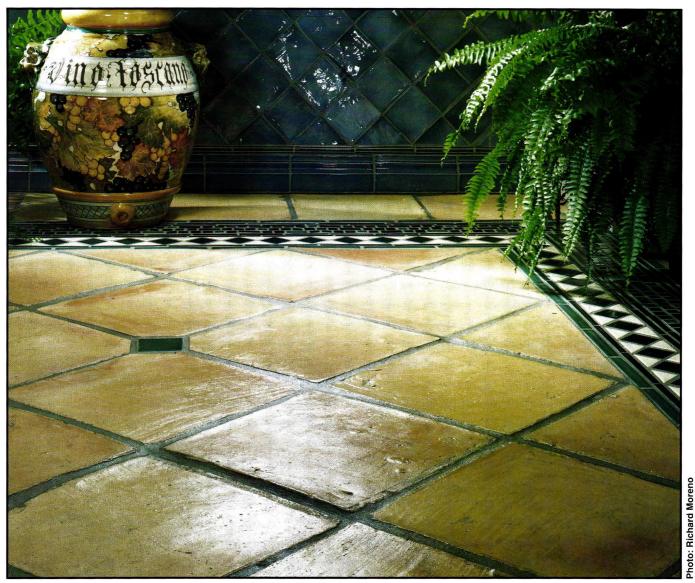
Designer of the grand gardens at Vaux-le-Vicomte, <u>above</u>, and Versailles, André Le Nôtre, <u>above left</u>, wears the Order of Saint-Michel, presented to him by Louis XIV, in his official portrait by Carlo Maratta. <u>Left</u>: Le Nôtre purchased five paintings by Nicolas Poussin; Saint John Baptizing the People is now in the Louvre.

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hugging him and kissing him on both cheeks. 'You really look well. How glad I am to see you in such good health.' "

However naive Le Nôtre may have been in matters of papal etiquette, he was a model of sophistication once he started to look at art. Indeed, one of his tasks in Rome was to make purchases for the French royal collection, and while he was at it, he acquired several ancient Roman marble and bronze figures for himself.

As a boy, Le Nôtre had shown a striking aptitude for drawing and painting. His admiring father, Jean, seems to have thought he might forsake his family's profession, an unusual occurrence in an age so inhospitable to change. It is a mark of his talent that the artist to whom he was apprenticed at an early age was Simon Vouet, then the most illustrious painter of the French school and a favorite of Louis XIII. In Vouet's atelier Le Nôtre met Charles Le Brun, who became a lifelong friend and a member of the great trio—Jules Hardouin—Mansart, Le Brun, and Le Nôtre—who designed the pal-

Confident of his taste, Le Nôtre bought less fashionable works such as Claude Lorrain's Harbor and of his three paintings by Claude Lorrain. Firmly bucking the trends of the day, Le Nôtre also acquired Jan Brueghel the Elder's The Battle Between Alexander and Darius, now called The Battle of Issus,

and a Rembrandt portrait of a young girl. Three of his Poussins, two of his Claudes, and the Brueghel now hang in the Louvre.

All this is not to say Le Nôtre was unmoved by the taste of his time. He owned at least one important work by Pierre Mignard, whose rich col-

or and ingenious compositions greatly appealed to Louis XIV, and about eight canvases by Francesco Albani, an occasionally insipid and now largely forgotten painter whose slightly etiolated classicism was once considered proof of his genius. (Four of his Albanis are now in the Louvre.) And like many of his contemporaries, Le Nôtre had several copies of famous paintings. Even demanding collectors of the seventeenth century did not distinguish as sharply as we do between originals and replicas.

Le Nôtre also purchased seventy-nine large portfolios

of engravings. The list makes dazzling reading: the principal engraved oeuvres of Le Brun, Poussin, Mignard, and Antoine Coypel as well as significant works by the Carracci,

Rembrandt, Rubens, Van Dyck, Vouet, and Jacques Callot. When Le Nôtre wanted to look at his prints, he could do so in great comfort, on a vast marquetry desk supported by bronze columns. (Known from an inventory of his possessions, the desk has vanished.) When he was tired of looking at his engravings, he could contemplate his rare Chinese porcelains, busts and statues of bronze and marble, gold and silver medals, or, perhaps the crowning glory of the collection, a sculpture described in the inventory as "one of Michelangelo's *Slaves*," which may well have been a study for or a copy of one of the figures originally intended for Julius II's tomb.

Having accumulated all this, Le Nôtre decided in 1693, toward the end of his life, to give the best pieces to the king. It says a good deal about their relationship that Le Nôtre was confident the king would appreciate these great works of art and that Louis XIV felt honored by the gift. For the rest of the Sun King's life, these paintings and sculptures were arranged in his private gallery at Versailles. It surely would not displease the great gardener to know that three centuries and several revolutions later, his collection is still admired by crowds in one of the world's finest museums.

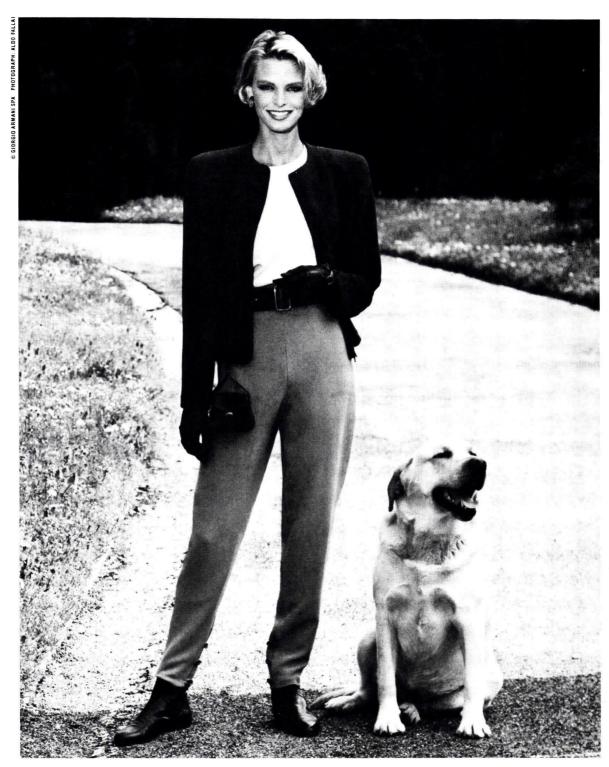
Dispatched to Rome to buy art for Louis XIV, Le Nôtre also did some shopping for himself

ace, interiors, and gardens of Versailles.

We don't know why Le Nôtre decided to return to the vocation of his father and grandfather; his later career is proof enough he made the right choice. But we do know that Le Nôtre never lost his eye for art and that he soon had the means to indulge himself. By 1637 the twenty-three-year-old was in charge of the Tuileries parterres, jointly with his father; by the time he was thirty he was chief designer of all the royal gardens. His royal commission allowed him to work for private patrons as well, and in 1656 Nicolas Fouquet, superintendent of finance under Louis XIV, selected him to create the gardens at Vaux-le-Vicomte. From there it was straight to Versailles. At the height of his career he was earning 35,000 livres a year, the equivalent of perhaps \$250,000 today.

With that kind of money Le Nôtre could do quite well in the art market of the mid seventeenth century, especially since he sometimes found less fashionable paintings appealing. This was true of his five splendid Poussins—one, The Woman Taken in Adultery Presented to Jesus by the Scribes and the Pharisees, was bought directly from the artist after the great French classicist had moved to Rome and was falling out of favor at home—

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GIORGIO ARMANI

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The current burst of color on the furniture scene may look like yet another nod to the sixties, but, in fact, it has a lot more to do with the late seventies. After a decade spent recovering from the riot of color and pattern that was Memphis, designers are dipping into their paint buckets again. Says Lyn Godley of the firm Godley-Schwan, "People stayed away from color because no one wanted to be pegged as knocking off



Patchwork Primer Furniture designers brush up their color sense



and Lloyd Schwan

the Italians." No designer wanted to be lumped with the postmodernists and their pale palette either, but eventually everyone tired of the basic black and raw metal option.

The preponderance of simpler furniture on the market seems perfectly in tune with belt-tightening times, and designers are daring to add undiluted color to these pure shapes with brilliant effect. Instead of using a printed material, whether fabric or Formica, they are creating pattern by putting together blocks of color in a single piece. Godley-Schwan's new lounge chair and otto-

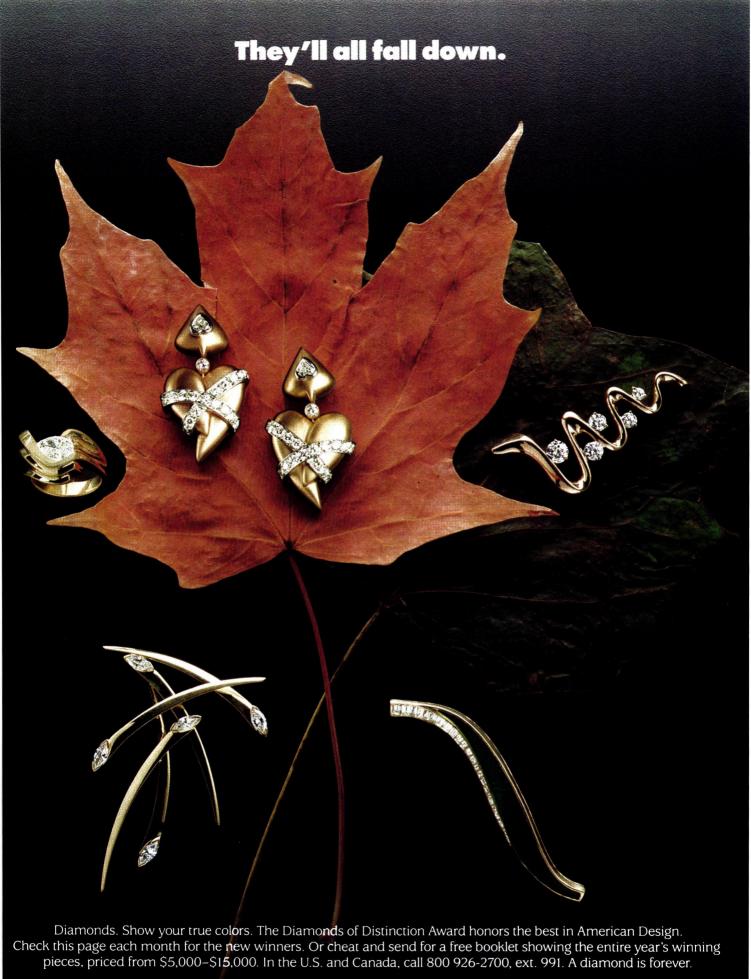
> man are made up of planes of bright wool stitched together. And the drawers

BY HEATHER SMITH MACISAAC

of their showstopping Checkers cabinet sport twentyone vivid hues arrived at after having tried at least ninety. Like Checkers, Alik Cavaliere's chest of drawers for Zanotta has a simple shape; the drama is reserved for the front where bronze handles punctuate a stack of drawers in ten gemlike shades. Jean-Charles de Castelbajac shows a set of his new side chairs with different colors on every seat and back cushion—a new mix-and-match application of the fashion designer's talents. The Mimì chair by Enrico Baleri and Alain Fankhauser features a flip-up seat and comes in a range of translucent tints. Nested together they form a rainbow, which should finally bring stowable seating out of the closet.

Colorful as they are, one can picture living with these pieces for a long time. The palette may be loose, but the lines and forms are tighter than ever. Godley could be speaking for all of these designers when she says, "We want to keep it clean."

Showing their true colors. Clockwise from left: The Otis lounge chair and ottoman in brilliant wools. Sculptural bronze pulls ornament the stained drawers of a dresser from Zanotta. My Funny Valentine chair from Ligne Roset comes in infinite combinations of fabrics and two leg finishes-black lacquer or pearwood. A loose grid of vivid drawers fronts a maple cabinet called Checkers. Baleri Italia's folding Mimì chairs come in five translucent hues; stowed together they create a rainbow. Details see Resources.



September Winners • Diamonds of Distinction



Divine Vines

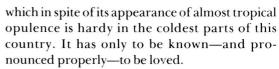
With a spectrum of color and luxuriant blooms, clematis rises above the ordinary By Patricia Thorpe



HEAVY SWAGS OF RUBY velvet edged with glittering passementerie descend from a fringed valance; a baldachin of

silk and gold swoops up behind a bed; a scarf of Valenciennes is tossed over an emerald tapestry. No, these are not drapery effects from the latest designer showhouse; this is what clematis can do for you.

Vines are the drapery of the garden, the swathes that bind the earth to the air, the horizontal to the vertical, the horticultural to the architectural. There are many vines besides clematis, of course-wisteria, the anaconda of the plant world, slowly crushing delicate pergolas in its fragrant coils; Virginia creeper and English ivy, the masonry experts, reaching deep into the mortar of your house; climbing roses, which are not so much vines as upwardly mobile barbed wire. But the greatest of these is clematis, which has none of the drawbacks of the above and



Webster makes it perfectly clear: clem-a-tis, like clemency. There is no common name, however, and since Americans are notoriously reluctant to grow anything they cannot pronounce, clematis has not until recently enjoyed the popularity it deserves. But just as food and wine fads have prompted many formerly tongue-tied citizens to spout Italian or Chinese, so the current passion for perennials has made us more fluent in Latin and Greek, with the result, at least to judge from catalogues, that clematis is about to make it big.

Clematis is not just a plant but a world of plants in one genus: delicate garlands of tiny bells like *Clematis texensis* or *C. alpina*; herbaceous perennials like *C. recta*, which strew the border with

Paintings of, above right,
Clematis lanuginosa and,
below left, C. rubro-violacea.
Above left: C. tangutica.
Far left, from top: Largeflowered hybrid 'Nelly
Moser' twines with wisteria;
C. macropetala is a slender
species with early bloom;
C. montana 'Rubra' surrounds
an upper window; 'Ernest
Markham' provides vibrant
color for months.

sprays of stars; overwhelming cascades like the montanas, which can engulf small buildings. The flowers can be as small as a fingertip or the size of a saucer; the colors go from deepest purple and red through all shades of blue, violet, and pink,

with pale yellows and an array of whites. There are more than two hundred species from all over the world and hundreds of hybrids as well. Most flower for several weeks, some flower virtually all summer, and even a small collection of clematis can provide bloom from April until late fall.

Cautious gardeners are waiting for the bad news, but with clematis there really isn't any. The most commonly available clematis are reasonable in their demands, which are not







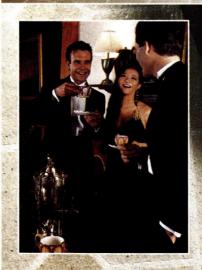




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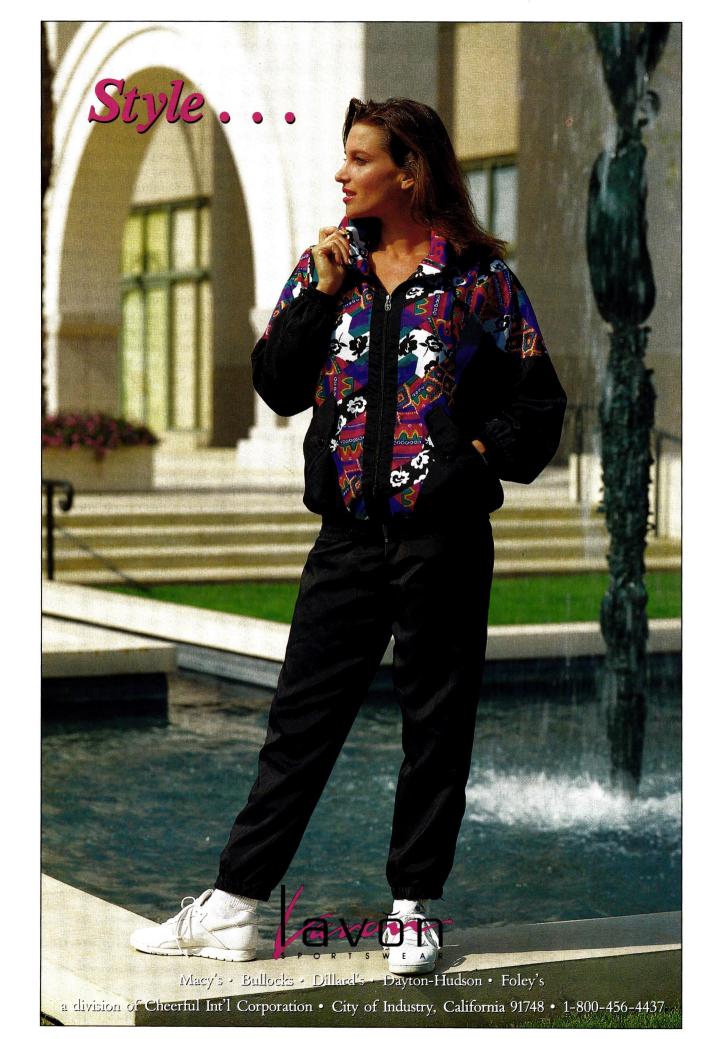
very different from those of most perennials. They need rich welldrained soil, lots of water, particularly in the first year, and abundant food through the growing seasonthis hearty appetite is justified by the prodigious growth and the wealth of flowers these plants produce. Clematis do best with lots of sun, but there are many that will succeed in some shade, and all prefer to have their roots shaded, which is easily achieved by liberal mulching or by growing other plants around the base of the vine. Two major pests are chipmunks and earwigs. The first must be treated with utter ruthlessness or, in the face of your lingering attachment to Chip 'n Dale, a great deal of chicken wire around the bottom of the stems. Rabbits can be dealt with the same way. Earwigs are harder to eradicate but can be eluded by selecting early- or late-flowering plants and avoiding light or white hybrids that bloom in midsummer.

The question of pruning produces unreasonable panic in some gardeners. You will have no disasters if you don't prune, but some clematis-notably $C. \times jackmanii$, which is probably the one most widely sold-will end up looking "like a disembowelled mattress," as the British gardening writer Christopher Lloyd observes, if you don't cut it back every spring. In any case, don't prune at all for the first few years until you see how your clematis grows and flowers. After that, common sense will go a long way, but if you don't trust yourself, Hortus Third has simple instructions and all the clematis books go into great and unnecessary detail.

Clematis are not plants for instant gratification. They are decidedly unprepossessing for the first few years, and I think this has led to some misunderstanding about their use. Most are sold attached to some kind of stake or small trellis, and many gardeners seem to believe that this twoor three-foot support defines the limits of future growth. It is both hilarious and sad to see husky plants ready to leap tall trees in a single bound instead wound relentlessly into a stubby knob the size of a fire hydrant. Many of the large-flowered hybrids present statuesque blooms on rather small-scale vines and are probably best used on a traditional trellis, although one of six or eight feet rather than three. But the species and small-flowered hybrids are plants of infinite possibility, plants for swooping and swagging and tossing, plants that add sensuous curves to rigid beds and softened edges to stark new gardens, plants that can carry the brilliance of the border up into trees or across porch railings. In the wild, clematis grow up through shrubs and underbrush and flower atop their supporters. In the garden, the May and June species will flower in ravishing combinations with bridal wreath or kolkwitzia or add an early burst of blossom to late bloomers like tree hydrangeas. Wreaths of clematis can provide improbable flowers for dark evergreens like holly or yew; the more generous species will drape spruce or fir, and late in the season when the spectacular seed heads appear, whole trees will shimmer with tinsel.

Climbers do not necessarily have to go up; clematis can stream down a bank or scurry along the top of a wall or spread under shrubs as well as over them. They do need guidance, however, as you will discover if you go off for a few days in late May. The young shoots grow several inches a week and will twine around anything, including themselves. You may return to a Gordian knot of infuriatingly fragile buds, stems, and leaves that could tempt you to play Alexander with your secateurs. But your early-season attentions will be well repaid as clematis works its magic. Unsightly pool fences disappear behind a riot of flowers; nondescript bushes suddenly sport flamboyant costumes of crimson or magenta; shrub roses become mixed bouquets of pale pink and royal purple. Clematis bring a grace of gesture to the garden, draping our mistakes with a fling of lace, wrapping the ordinary in ribbons for our delight.







The Esopus Spitzenburg is by most connoisseurs' accounts the tastiest apple grown in America. At its best it is crisp, juicy, blooming with the effervescent sweet-sour flavor usually called "sprightly." The Spitzenburg, a favorite of Thomas Jefferson's, was prized throughout the nineteenth century and remains in high repute today; culinary historian Anne Mendelson has called it "possibly the best

apple ever to come from New York State," America's premier apple-growing territory. So why is it so difficult to find?

The same question might be asked about scores of other heirlooms: the great tribe of russets, rough skinned but fine flavored; the Winesap, as aromatic as its name implies; the Newtown Pippin, considered our best cooking apple ever since the 1750s, when it was identified in Newtown (now a part of Queens), New York. These varieties are still available in

The **Temptation** of Heirloom **Apples**

Historic varieties offer the lure of nearly forgotten flavors By Leslie Land

> season, as lovably a part of fall as bright-colored leaves against blue skies, but they form only a fraction of the total U.S. crop.

> In 1990, of an estimated production of 231 million bushels of apples, more than half were some kind of Delicious: 100.7 million Red Delicious, 36.4 million Golden Delicious. Another 43.7 million were Granny

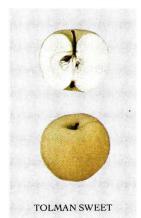
Smith, McIntosh, or Rome, in roughly equal numbers. These apples, often called the Top Five, have gained supermarket hegemony for reasons that have little to do with taste. The trees bear heavily and early and are easy to grow and control. The fruit is uniform and good-looking and takes well to controlled-atmosphere storage. They can be good, especially when fresh. Nonetheless, they are classic examples of the good driving out the best.

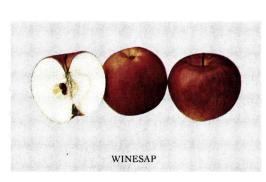
Fortunately, regional preferences keep some local favorites going strong. In season the Northern Spy, a firm snappy variety that tastes like the soul of apple pie, is easy to find in New England and the Great Lakes region. Staymans are still widely grown in the Appalachians, Jonathans in the Midwest, Gravensteins in California.

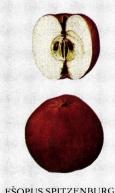
Flavor is not just a matter of variety but of growing conditions as well. Delicious, for instance, need not be the skin-deep beauty stuffed with cotton wool that usually goes by that name. Most of our Delicious apples come from Washington State, east of the Cascades, where about half of

> this country's fresh market apples are grown. The dry conditions there are ideal for growing handsome apples, but

the necessary irrigation tends to work against ideal sugar formation. A western-grown Golden Delicious is likely to be large, bright yellow, smooth, and shiny-skinned with a taste somewhere between bland and nonexistent. One grown in the humid northeast, on the other hand, is likely to be smallish, its skin partially russeted, with a rough pale brown







A Newtown Pippin or Northern Spy wrapped with a phyllo sheet makes a light and flavorful apple dumpling, above, served on a Napoleonic Ivy plate by Wedgwood. Silver from James II Galleries, NYC. Left: Vintage prints of vintage varieties. Details see Resources.















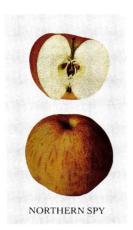


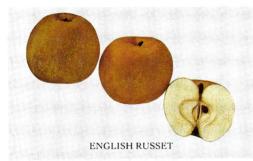


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The tastiest apples may not be the prettiest

overlay. The flavor is far more interesting than the standard, but the loss of cosmetic appeal is fatal from the commercial standpoint.

In fact, many of the apples that taste best have quirks that make them unsuitable for large commercial orchards. They are small or irregular in size or mottled and streaked in color. Many of them are glorious only briefly; even modern technology cannot extend the storage life of fine summer apples such as the Red Astrachan.

Small-scale orchardists, specialty growers, and home gardeners have other priorities. They are loyal to the varieties—in some cases to the very trees—their grandparents planted. They care about taste. And they hear consumers longing for the same old-fashioned qualities they value themselves. At Breezy Hill Orchard in Clinton Corners in the Hudson Valley, Elizabeth Ryan and her partner and husband. Peter Zimmermann,

grow thirty-five varieties, many of them heirlooms, such as the Golden Russet. "The wholesale stream is resistant to anything that's unusual," she explains, "and supermarkets only want what they can get in vast quantities. But customers love these old apples. They sell out as fast as they're picked, and growers who sell retail are customer-driven."

Except in the Deep South, where apples don't grow well, the best way to get a wide selection of apples is to go to a farmers market; during the height of the season the farmers who sell in New York City's Union Square Greenmarket offer upwards of fifty varieties. Or take a day-trip in the country and visit a number of farm stands. Each orchard will have a slightly different choice.

If you can't go to the apples, the apples can come to you through Applesource, a mail-order apple emporium that offers more than eighty varieties. Applesource (Rte. 1, Chapin, IL 62628; 217-245-7589) coordinates the output of several farmers from several states. For best results follow ordering instructions carefully; try to choose apples that have similar ripening dates and avoid those not described as good keepers.

If you want to grow your own, many nurseries now offer heirloom varieties, and scion wood—small, living branches used for grafting—is increasingly available through groups of enthusiasts. One such group, North American Fruit Explorers, runs an exchange column in its quarterly journal. Whether all these will produce true to name is not entirely clear, however.

For finest flavor, adaptability is more important than authenticity. Before selecting a variety, consult local nurseries and cooperative extension agents to learn what types will do well in your area. For instance, Cox's Orange Pippin requires a Britishstyle long cool summer and can be hard to grow in the United States. The Westfield Seek-No-Further will yield a marvelous apple when grown in gravelly loam but will not produce good fruit when grown in clay per-

fect for Sweet Bough and Red Astrachan. (For nurseries that offer heirloom apple trees see Resources.)

FLAKY APPLE DUMPLINGS WITH SAFFRON CUSTARD

Custard

1 cup milk

½ cup half and half

16 peppercorns

½ teaspoon saffron threads

l egg

1 egg yolk

1½ tablespoons sugar

Pinch of salt

Dumplings

6 large cooking apples such as Newtown Pippin or Northern Spy

1/4 cup calvados or cognac

12 frozen phyllo sheets, thawed

6 ounces unsalted butter, clarified

3 tablespoons sugar

Custard. Combine the first four ingredients in a small, heavy, nonreactive saucepan and warm over very low heat about 40 minutes. Turn heat off whenever liquid starts to simmer. The object is not to cook the milk but to infuse it with the flavors of the spices.

Beat the egg, egg yolk, sugar, and salt until well mixed, then slowly strain in the milk infusion, stirring constantly. Return the mixture to the pan and cook over low heat, stirring constantly until it thickens. Pour into a chilled bowl, cool completely, and refrigerate tightly covered.

Dumplings. Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Peel and core the apples; rub each inside and out with the calvados, and set aside. Unroll phyllo and cover with a tea towel. Place a sheet on the work surface. Brush lightly with clarified butter and fold in half. Repeat with a second sheet. Stack the second sheet on top of the first (with folded edges in), leaving a couple of inches exposed at the left margin to form a rough square. Brush with butter, place an apple in the center, and sprinkle on 1½ teaspoons of the sugar.

Stand a chopstick in the center of the apple and loosely draw up the sides of the square to enclose the fruit. There will be extra pastry at the top. Squeeze it together around the chopstick to make a pastry bag with a flaring top. Press tightly at the neck so pastry sticks together, then withdraw the chopstick, leaving a narrow hole.

Place the dumpling on a jelly roll pan and brush lightly with butter. Repeat with the remaining dumplings. Bake for 40–50 minutes or until pastry is browned and apples are cooked (test through the hole with a skewer).

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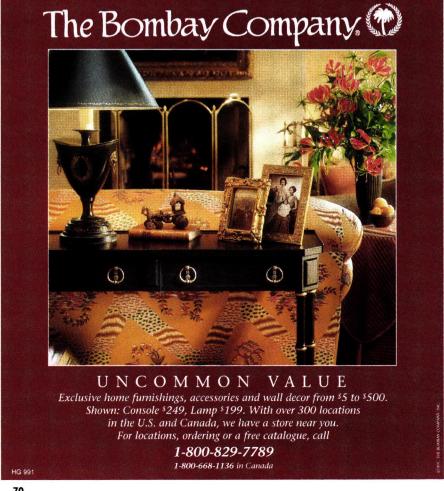
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FOOD

To serve, pour cold custard into deep dessert plates and top each with a dumpling. Serves 6.

APPLESAUCE

6 pounds apples, a mixture of sweet and tart

1 cup cider

½ cup sugar (optional)

Applesauce is best when made from a blend of apples: Tolman Sweet, Jonathan, or Smokehouse for sweetness balanced by Northern Spy, Macoun, Rhode Island Greening, or other tart types. Peel, core, and chop apples roughly. If you want smooth sauce, keep varieties separate and cook the hard ones about 15 minutes before

adding the softer types.

In a 3-quart nonreactive saucepan, 8 inches in diameter, add cider and apples. Cover and cook over low heat, stirring more and more frequently until apples have disintegrated. Purée if desired, then taste and add sugar if needed. Unsullied by spices or other extraneous flavoring elements, applesauce can be a revelation: simplicity exalted. Yield is variable; as a general rule you get about a cup from each pound. Serves 6-8.

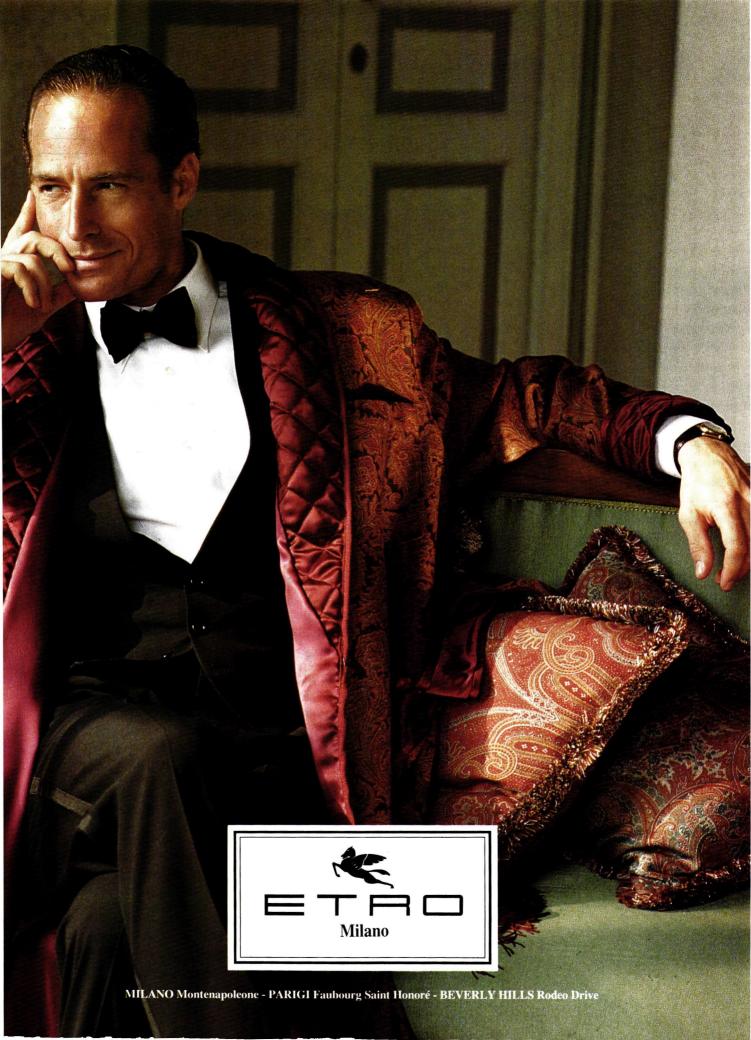
DEEP-DISH DOUBLE-APPLE PIE

- 2 tablespoons unsalted butter, plus butter for the dish
- 6 firm cooking apples, such as Wolf River or Northern Spy
- 4 apples that lose their shape when cooked, such as McIntosh or Winesap
- 5 tablespoons sugar
- 2 tablespoons brandy
- 1 tablespoon rose water Pastry for 1 piecrust
- 1 tablespoon cream

Preheat oven to 375 degrees. Peel and core cooking apples. Butter a deep 9inch pie plate and arrange the apples in a single layer. Divide the butter into six pieces; place one in the hollow center of each apple.

Peel, core, and slice remaining apples, and combine with 4 tablespoons of the sugar, the brandy, and the rose water. Pack the apple slices around the whole apples. Roll out pastry 1/8 inch thick and drape it over the filling, pressing it down. Trim it, leaving a bit of overhang. Crimp the edge and make slits in crust.

Bake 30 minutes or until crust is light gold and the apples are almost cooked. Brush crust with cream, sprinkle on remaining sugar, and return pie to oven 15-20 minutes or until pastry is browned. It's best warm. Serves 6. ▲





East Meets West Meets East

All the world's a stage for a young playwright By David Henry Hwang

he Chinese pioneers who came to America in the nineteenth century to build the transcontinental railroad called themselves "sojourners"—one foot in the United States, the other in China. I am a sojourner of the twentieth-century American variety—one foot in New York, the other in Los Angeles. For most of my adult life I have shuttled between the two, hearing in each the customary complaints about the other.

Although I have lived in New York for most of the past ten years, I imagine I will always consider myself a Californian. My parents, she from the Philippines, he from Shanghai, met at the University of Southern California at a foreign students' dance on Halloween. I was born in the center of town at Queen of Angels Hospital and grew up in the dusty eastern suburbs of the San Gabriel Valley.

My colleagues who were raised elsewhere tend to regard Los Angeles as the Detroit of the entertainment industry, a factory town where everyone is in the same line of work. There is some truth to this, particularly as it applies to an area on the West Side extending from Culver City to West Hollywood to Santa Monica to Encino. Yet as a child I experienced southern California as a conglomeration of middle-American small towns, each with its own strip malls and Main Street. The meeting of these two worlds and their blending in turn with other disparate cultures shaped *M. Butterfly*, and they continue to shape my vision and my writing.

My family lived in a two-story house in San Gabriel, known as the "city with a mission" because its centerpiece is a mission founded in 1771 by Father Serra and built in the following decades by Native Americans of the Shoshone tribe. My parents had tried to settle in neighboring Monterey Park but were told flat out that the owners would not sell to Chinese. The irony amuses me when I visit today's Monterey Park, which has become a magnet for overseas Chinese investment. Theaters where I once sat watching *You Only Live Twice* now sport flashy marantal and the lagrantage.

In Monterey Park, David Hwang finds that the "theaters where I once sat watching You Only Live Twice now sport flashy marquees in Chinese." quees in Chinese, and whole avenues have been transformed into Asian malls with parking lots full of German cars. An example, I suppose, of the notion that fear creates the thing feared.

I grew up with Sears catalogue-style



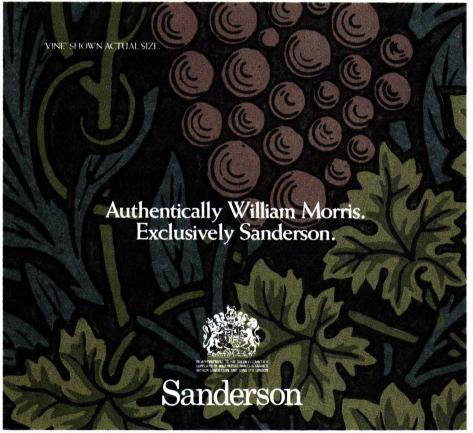


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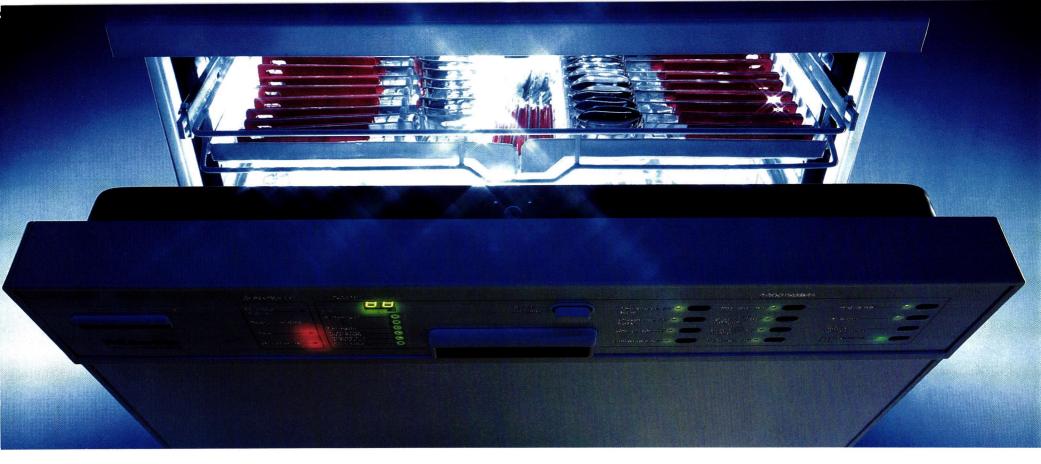
WRITER IN RESIDENCE

American furniture. I remember once breaking a lamp in some inevitable childhood ruckus. Expecting to be punished, I watched my mother as she wandered over to the S&H Green Stamps catalogue to pick out a replacement. Where there was some Asian decorative influence, it was generally a Western imitation—faux ebony end tables or a slipcover with a design resembling gold Chinese emblems. These were supplemented by a few antiques my parents had brought from the old country, including Chinese scrolls and a large brass plate from the Philippines.

When I was a teenager, my father had the master bedroom extended into what had been a patio over the garage. His Chinese friends told him this would bring bad luck, that according to the ancient necromancy of feng shui, building over your garage represented cutting off your head. My father, who had long since rejected old country ways in favor of new-world opportunity and Englishonly patriotism, pooh-poohed such superstition. Only a few years later he was kidnapped and briefly held for ransom. By contrast, I understand that I. M. Pei's Beverly Hills headquarters for Creative Artists Agency has been blessed by a feng shui priest; so far no major kidnappings there have been reported. Ultimately, I don't imagine that my own successes or failures have been determined by whether I followed the feng shui recommendation of sleeping on a bed catercorner to the door, but it is difficult to speak of this with any degree of confidence.

In San Gabriel my friends' fathers were barbers, construction supervisors, engineers, grocers, and schoolteachers, and their mothers were homemakers. All I knew of L.A. proper were the places my parents chose to visit—mostly Chinese restaurants and churches—and the 7-Elevens and Shakey's pizza parlors that I could reach on my bicycle.

All this changed when I turned sixteen and a driver's license gave me access to those vital arteries of Los Angeles life—the freeways. I still re-



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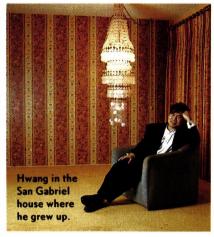
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WRITER IN RESIDENCE



member the first time I saw the Westwood district with its movie theaters, eateries with rock and roll names, and gleaming chrome and glass boutiques with labels from faroff lands. Suddenly I discovered that I was living in a city.

When I moved to New York to seek my future as a playwright, I remained so ambivalent about my new home that I left my watch on Pacific standard time, an affectation that strikes me today as mightily inconvenient. To the extent that my limited budget permitted me to furnish my studio apartment, I gravitated toward the clean lines and peaceful aesthetic of Japan. Having said that, I must admit that tatami rooms are not cheap, and my desire to achieve Zen serenity may well have provided a convenient excuse for seating my guests on a bare parquet floor. I did purchase a futon platform, shoji screens, and a few posters—all Western imitations, so perhaps in this way I was proving that I was, indeed, a chip off my parents' block.

Today I am back in New York, in a penthouse duplex that allows me the luxury of California roominess with a New York skyline. To do my best work I need space for pacing. Living in the clutter and concentration of New York, I've always put a premium on a good view from my window, as if to duplicate the open space and the ever-present San Gabriel mountains that remain in the eye of my younger self. My latest decorating idea is juxtaposing art nouveau and Japanese design, though at this point

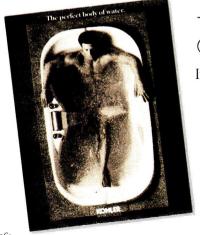


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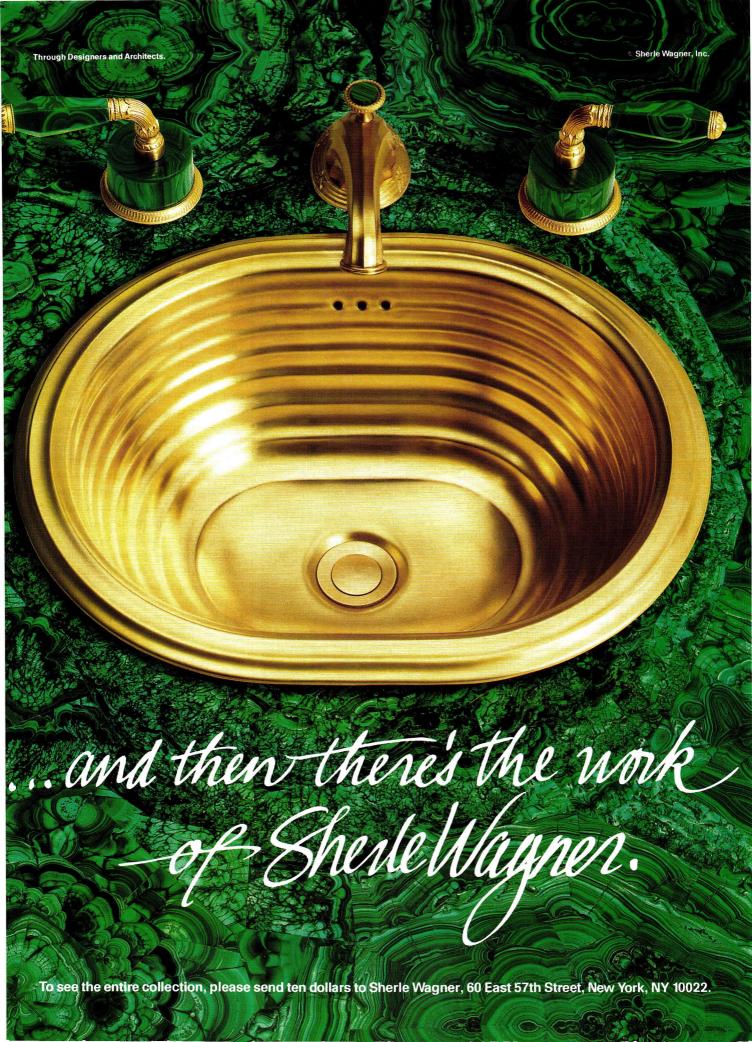
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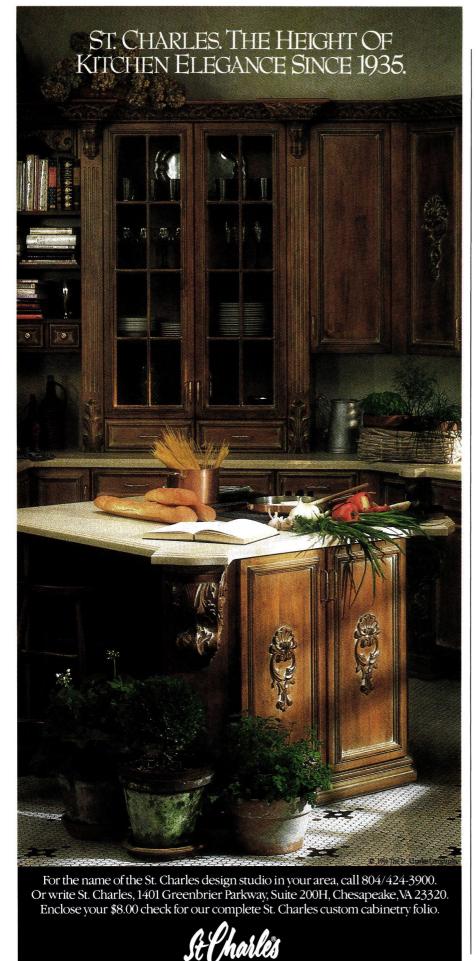
The few touches of Asian style were mostly Western imitations

in the evolution of my apartment and my pocketbook, this remains more a theory than a realization.

Fate—in the form of my girl-friend's career and my own—conspires to leave me with one foot in California. I visit the haunts that seemed the height of glamour to a young San Gabrielite, and my enthusiasm seems appropriately adolescent. But perhaps part of the charm that L.A. continues to hold for me lies in the ease with which I can slip back and remember even the tackiest of dance clubs as an adventure.

Los Angeles, I believe, is a meeting of contradictions. On one level, a cast of desperate characters in overleveraged automobiles and faux hooker fashions fits conveniently into America's mythology of Hollywood. But behind this façade lies a reality of great contrasts—Dynasty mansions housing third-world Alexises, black girls calling themselves Muffy, and fast-food gluttons spouting health food rhetoric. Not to mention an increasingly diverse mix of races and tongues, each transforming the local culture as they themselves are transformed by it.

Growing up in such a world, I am not surprised that I should come to find my imagination dominated by contrasts and contradictions, by unlikes coming together in hopes of forging new connections. It helps me explain not only why I write about a Chinese transvestite who sings, dances, and spouts American slang and copy-shop employees who meet extraterrestrials but also why I am still searching for a Korean chest to complement my Swedish art nouveau headboard. And why I continue to consider myself such an Angeleno that I actually make my home in Manhattan.



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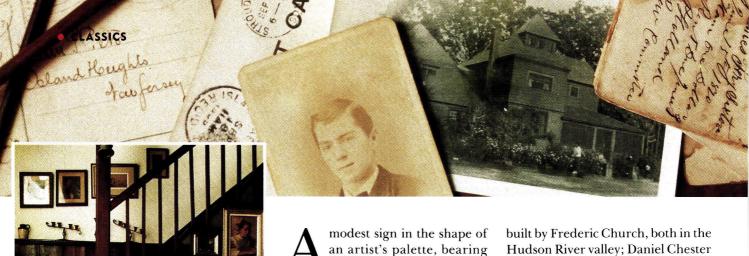
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Still Life With Breakfast

Visitors to John F. Peto's

house and studio

can stay for the night

By John Wilmerding

an artist's palette, bearing the name "The Studio," marks what appears to be an ordinary Victorian house at 102 Cedar Avenue in Island Heights, New Jersey. But the history, ownership, and contents of the simple shingled structure make it of more than usual interest, worth a visit by anyone intrigued by America's cultural and artistic past. The house was built by the still-life painter John Frederick Peto in 1889 and has remained in family hands ever since. It is now the home of Joy Peto Smiley, one of the artist's granddaughters, who operates it as a bed-and-breakfast inn.

The number of houses and studios of important American artists that survive from the nineteenth century is regrettably small: one thinks of Winslow Homer's sparsely furnished studio at Prout's Neck, Maine; the cottage of Jasper Francis Cropsey and the Persian villa Olana

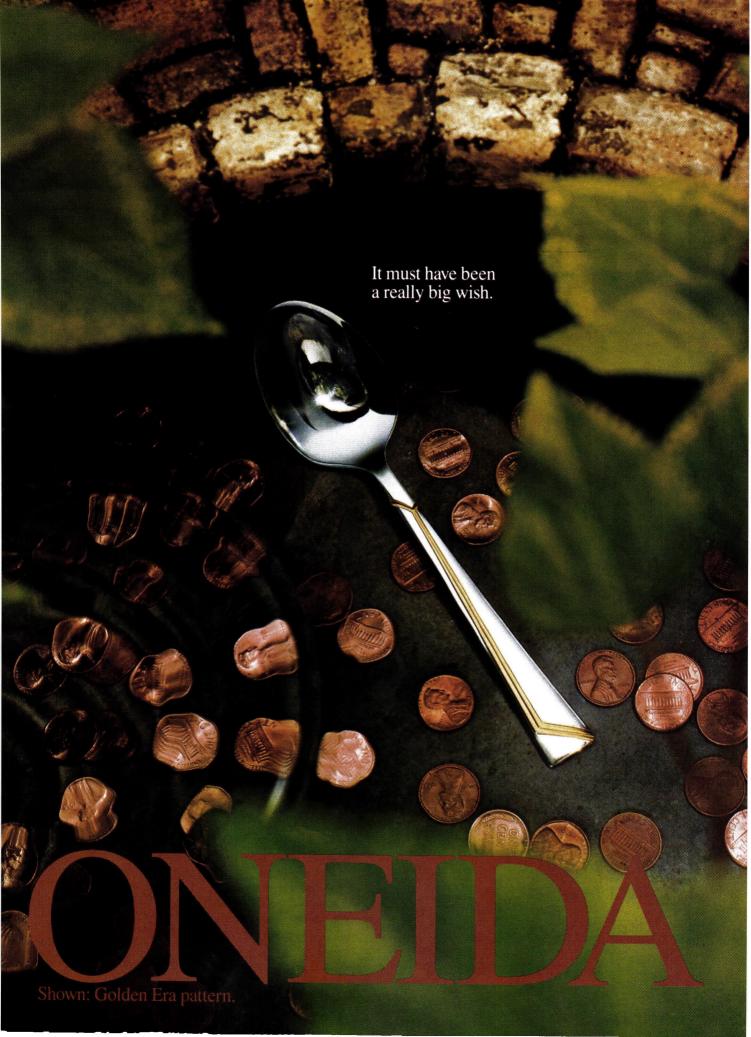


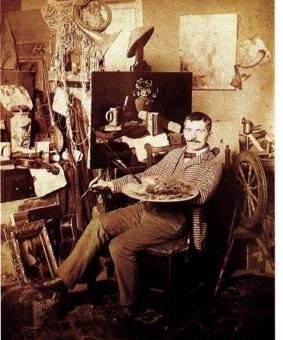
Joy Peto Smiley, above left, in her grandfather's studio. Top: Early photographs of Peto and his house. Above: The Writer's Table: A Precarious Moment, c. 1890. Left: Family furniture and still-life props in the studio.

built by Frederic Church, both in the Hudson River valley; Daniel Chester French's Chesterwood in western Massachusetts, now owned by the National Trust; and the estate of Augustus Saint-Gaudens in Cornish, New Hampshire, a National Historic Landmark. It is appropriate that Peto's property, as well as his artistic legacy, has increasingly come to be recognized as belonging in these ranks. His surroundings offer illuminating insight into his often enigmatic, poignant, and brooding art.

Like many of his contemporaries, among them Homer, Thomas Eakins, Mark Twain, and Henry Adams, Peto evolved an introspective vision in response to the cultural and philosophical disruptions that followed the advent of Darwinism and the Civil War-disruptions that shaped an anxious sense of accumulating change at century's end. The dark palette, shadowy spaces, and ambiguous light sources in his still lifes seem to conceal as much as they reveal, and the worn and tattered surfaces of his subjects are displayed like emblems of mortality.

Born in Philadelphia in 1854, Peto was trained at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, where he presumably received some instruction in architecture and design. His studies coincided with the exhibition of European and American art at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, another stimulus to his career. Still-life painting was a venerable local tradition, which extended from the Peale family in the federal period through Severin Roesen and John F. Francis at midcentury. Peto's favorite themes were tabletop arrangements of pipe, mug, and books or illusionistic office-board and letter-





Peto, above, in the 1880s. Right: The Poor Man's Store, 1885. Below left: Still-life subjects at the house in New Jersey beside a Peto reproduction. Below right: Sign Painting for Helen S. Peto, 1903, was a tribute to the artist's daughter on her tenth birthday.

With its dim passageways and massed bric-a-brac, the house suggests a living still life

Smith from nearby Lerado, whom he married that June. About this time he also began making regular summer visits to Island Heights, where he was in demand as a cornet player for Methodist camp meetings. A typical resort community that came into its own after the Civil War, the village was favorably situated among the open fields rising from bluffs along the Toms River just be-

fore it opened out into Barnegat Bay and the Atlantic Ocean. Here Peto built a house, where he permanently moved his new family. The property he selected was about half a mile from the river, a site affording a panorama that has since been obscured by trees and other houses. Peto loved life along the riverfront, a pas-

sion he passed on to his only child, Helen, and fishing paraphernalia was always part of the picturesque clutter that provided subjects for his canyases.

The rambling house and studio show how intimately Peto's art and life were intertwined. The main room, rising to exposed rafters two stories above, contains his easel, the family piano, and a profusion of

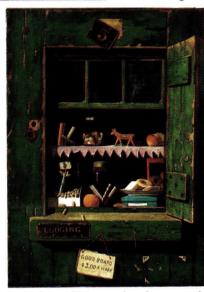
painting props along wainscoted walls, open shelves, and the tops of old American chests and tables. Besides reflecting postcentennial nostalgia, Peto's carding wheel, Chippendale revival armchair, mismatched country

Windsors, and blue and white china exemplify his taste for commonplace artifacts with an air of sturdy elegance. A wide veranda wraps around one corner of the house; upstairs, small bedrooms and narrow hallways fit into intersecting eaves and gables. The dim passageways, the compact massings of bric-a-brac, and the variegated textures and hues of wood, stucco, and colored glass all combine to suggest a living still life, an arrangement of forms in light and shadow close in character to the artist's paintings.

As a working studio, the house was-as it is today-filled with the assorted domestic objects of Peto's attention: ancient lanterns and oil lamps, padlocks and keys, musical instruments, a ginger jar and pottery jugs, a battered umbrella. Also saved are family albums of photographs and news clippings, some early drawings, watercolor and oil sketches, and several of Peto's wooden palettes, on a couple of which he painted illusionistic still lifes. Two fragments of plaster painted in oil are the only relics of the shelf of trompe l'oeil books Peto applied to the walls of the upstairs room he sometimes used as a study. These fragile remnants now present an unintended image of whimsy at the mercy of time, a theme akin to elegiac still lifes on canvas such as the turn-of-the-century Discarded Treasures and Forgotten Friends.

In his later years Peto suffered from Bright's disease, a painful kidney ailment which led to his death at the age of fifty-three in 1907. Fortunately, his treasures in Island Heights have been neither discarded nor forgotten, and the house still stands as an embodiment of his artistic spirit.

For information: Joy Peto Smiley, The Studio of John F. Peto, 102 Cedar Ave., Island Heights, NJ 08732; (908) 270-6058



rack compositions. By the late 1880s, with his mature style of expressive coloring and brushwork established and his pictures occasionally displayed at Academy exhibitions, Peto was ready to expand his horizons.

An important turning point came in 1887, when he traveled to Cincinnati to paint a major decorative commission for the Stag Saloon. While in Cincinnati, Peto met Christine Pearl





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Guests Between the Covers

Friends and family leave a lasting impression on their host's blank pages

BY BARBARA HANSON PIERCE

ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS I DO when I arrive at my favorite summer house is read the guest book, to see who's been there, what's been going on, and who's been sleeping in beds that I like to call my own. The book, or rather books, belong to a house on the coast of Maine which my husband's grandmother built in 1917. Together the three volumes span at least as many generations and include descendants of four branches of the extended family, all of whom share the house today. (My husband owns one-sixteenth of itsort of a New England version of a time-share.) Rustic and weatherbeaten, the place is more like a log cabin or a camp than one of those

grand gray-shingled houses that coyly call themselves cottages. And the guest books are cut from the same unfrivolous cloth. The volumes don't match because they were bought at different times, in different places, over the past seventy-four years. All of them, however, are unfancy stationery-store-type leather-

Unlined

guest books

unleash

creativity,

but lines

bound books, wider than they are tall with lines for names and addresses and a small space for brief comments. They live in the drawer of the mission-style desk in the living room where uncles and aunts have traditionally opened the mail and paid bills.

reassure the Taken together, these guest books are an extimid traordinary chronicle of a clan. "Over the road in the Hudson-290 miles in 15 hours!" wrote one ecstatic guest in 1925, before the advent of either commercial aviation or the Maine turnpike. The same names keep reappearing, and it's moving to watch the handwriting change with the life cycle, as childish signatures become authoritative and

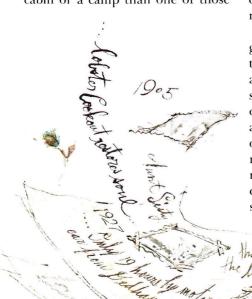
adult, then spidery and senescent, before they disappear altogether. Adolescent girlfriends turn into wives, beaux fall by the wayside, fiancés become husbands, wives become widows, and children inevitably grow up. In one especially chaotic, joyous entry there's even a dog's paw print stamped on the page. Throughout the years, the timeless pull of the house is reflected in the recurring themes of the comments: the sea, the foghorn, the lobsters, the lighthouse, the cookouts, and, always, the terrible beds.

I love reading these guest books because I like imagining the faces that have peopled this house over the years. Sometimes I discover that friends have stayed with other branches of the family without any of us realizing that we had one another in common. I also like comparing

notes about who experienced the most sun-or rather, the least fogduring the course of a summer. In one especially fogbound visit, my husband and I never got a glimpse of the sea ten feet in front of us. By the end of our vacation, my husband, slightly crazed from playing Clue with our children, wrote: "Three weeks in the fog.

Professor Plum did it in the boathouse with an ice pick."

Another favorite armchair sport is to read the newlyweds' post-honeymoon comments. All too familiar with the saggy mattresses and squeaky springs (fourteen twins with turn-of-the-century frames, no doubles), the older generation always en-





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The timeless pull of the house is reflected in the recurring themes of the guest book comments: the sea. the foghorn, and, always, the terrible beds

joys a report of a collapsed bed. In retrospect, I cringe at my own newlywed uptightness-where is the muse when it's my turn to sign? ("They laughed when I packed my flannel nightgown," I wrote of our October 1969 honeymoon, "but it snowed.") There my words are, graven in stone, ad eternam, for all eyes to read. Sport indeed.

Inspired by my husband's family, I have frequently tried-and invariably failed—to keep a guest book myself. When we were married, a friend gave us a lovely atlas-size Italian version, but somehow it always seemed overly grandiose to whip out the Florentine leather after a meat loaf dinner in our second-floor walk-up. Although I made a few noble stabs at getting people to sign, it was clearly a chronological flop, with more inconsistent gaps than consistent entries. Someone asked me whether I could recycle that beautiful book, but I concluded, sadly, that I had missed my chance. Since then there have been other attempts, too—discarded shells of books, used briefly and then forgotten, misplaced.

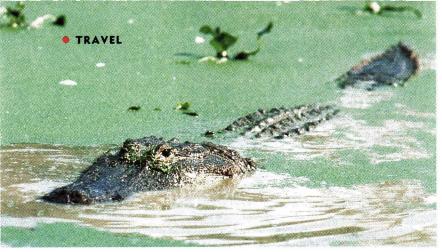
Keeping a good guest book is like keeping a journal. You must (a) choose your form and (b) stick with it. Policy is all. Do you include dinner guests or just overnight guests? (A friend insists a visit must require the use of a toothbrush.) Do they put in just their names? (No!) Should they put in their addresses, too? (Yesaddresses change, and watching them evolve is to witness life.) Should guests be encouraged to write comments? (Yes-this is the essence of a good guest book.) Should the book be lined or unlined? (Unlined unleashes creativity, but lines may reassure the timid.) If it's a second house and it's rented to strangers, should tenants sign, too? (That depends on whether you think the book documents the life of the house or the life of the owners.) Where should you keep the guest book to make sure friends will sign? (The front hall is good; between the beds in the guest room is even better.)

My husband and I recently bought a small house in the Bahamas, an eighteenth-century cottage on a remote outer island. Even before the sale had gone through, I bought a guest book-elegant navy blue leather with gilt-edged pages, unlined, journal-size. Never mind that there's barely enough room for our own family, let alone guests, in the new place; I'm ready to chronicle every coming and going. My first stay in the house was a solitary one over the course of a long October weekend, during which I opened the place up and prepared it for forthcoming inspection by the troops. The house, like the guest book, had nothing of ourselves in it yet, an empty stage awaiting players and a script. I approached the task of inaugurating that guest book with ritual solemnity, sensing generations looking over my shoulder. How long would we own this house? Would our grandchildren and great-grandchildren one day be reading these very words? On the night before I flew home, I put in my first entry: "Autumnal breezes in the palm trees. A quiet, off-season visit to open up the house for our first Bahamian Thanksgiving. I hope the children will approve of our purchase. I had my first coconut from our very own palm tree and ate a sugar apple—a strange-looking sweet fruit with pips everywhere. I can't wait for baked bananas with the turkey." Already the book has a life of its own.



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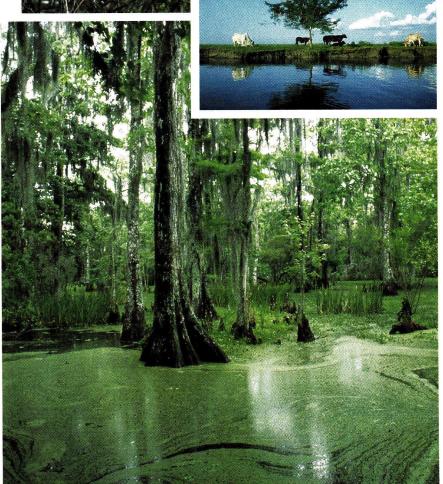






Primordial Cruise

The disappearing
heritage of Louisiana's
coastal wetlands is only
a boat ride away
By Bethany Ewald Bultman



Back in the mid 1700s my ancestors left Wales for the lush forests that fringe the bayous of Louisiana. There, in a remarkable ecosystem created by the Mississippi River over the course of 7,000 years, they found flocks of birds so vast that they blocked the sun and countless wild animals, from mink to black bears to alligators. Today Louisiana has forty percent of the nation's coastal wetlands, and more than two hundred species of birds still winter there. My favorite portion of this remarkable habitat is the Atchafalaya wetlands, North America's last great free-flowing river basin swamp. Both exotic and eerie, it is about as close to primordial nature as you can get inside the United States.

Located about a two and a half hour drive west of New Orleans, the Atchafalaya wetlands is a watery expanse about a hundred miles long and thirty miles wide. Copper iris line the waterways in early spring, followed by marsh pinks and rose mallow. Behind the levees of Bayou Teche, Bayou Lafourche, and the Mississippi is the Atchafalaya Basin, laced with lakes and bayous and clumps of land that look like islands but have the consistency of coffee grounds, thick with cypress and willow trees. From April or May to October or November swamp lilies and water hyacinths thrive. So do water moccasins. And a person who steps carelessly can easily find himself up to his armpits in the ooze.

There are times when the only sound is the buzz of insects. A gentle breeze stirs up a scent of animal musk and flutters the pewter-colored Spanish moss dangling from the cypress trees. Cypresses, called "wood eternal" down here, grow about an inch in thirty years, and many in the basin approach a hundred feet in height.

The casual visitor can often see herons, whitetailed deer, even alligators, by driving down a back road anywhere in the wetlands. But experiencing the full beauty of the Atchafalaya Basin means exploring by boat with a knowledgeable

The Louisiana wetlands are home to alligators, top left, and egrets, above far left. Above left: Cattle graze on Pecan Island west of the Atchafalaya Basin. Left: Closer to New Orleans, the Barataria Unit of Jean Lafitte **National Historical** Park and Preserves contains 8,600 acres of wetlands.

guide. Staying overnight on a houseboat deep in the swamp is even better. The time before dawn is ghostly still—"as if every living being is listening to the silence of God," says bayou native Gerard Sellers. Then, as the sun appears, a chorus starts up, a cacophony of alligators, nutria, birds, and frogs.

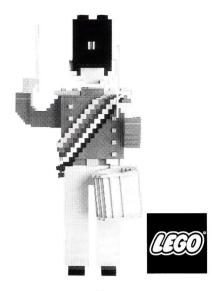
These moments have a special significance now that natural and man-made forces have become such a serious threat to this habitat. Each year Louisi-

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ana is losing more than thirty-five square miles of coastal wetlands.

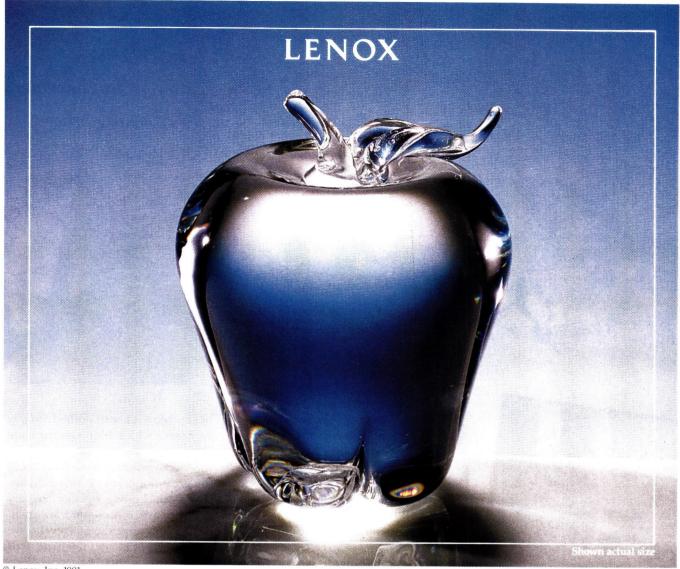
For those who want to see this magical, fragile place, McGee's Atchafalaya Basin Swamp Tours in Henderson (318-228-2384) runs fascinating two-hour wetlands tours on boats that hold about seventeen. My favorite leaves at 5 P.M., which allows plenty of time afterward for a Cajun dinner of turtle étouffée or river catfish at McGee's Atchafalaya Café. McGee's also offers specialized guided four- to five-hour tours or fishing trips, two people per boat, for \$25 an hour. Houseboats can be rented in the adjacent marina.

Custom tours of private wetland preserves, estuaries, flora and fauna, and isolated bayou cultures from New Orleans to Texas can be arranged by Gerard Sellers (Abbeville, 318-893-4460 or New Orleans, 504-861-7878), a local documentary filmmaker and fifth-generation alligator hunter. One- or two-day adventures for up to six people are \$50 an hour, with a three-hour minimum, plus expenses.

Close to New Orleans, the Barataria Unit of Jean Lafitte National Historical Park and Preserve (504-589-2330) has more than ten miles of walking trails in 8,600 acres of coastal wetlands. On full moon nights, the Park Service guides just ten canoes into the marsh. It is a hauntingly beautiful trip. Reservations are required. The Park Service can suggest local canoe outfitters who will deliver the boat to you in the park.

To stay overnight on a houseboat in the basin—an ideal arrangement for bird-watchers—contact Lloyd Dekerlegand's Basin Rental Services in Arnaudville (318-754-7570) for fully equipped, air-conditioned houseboats. Boats that accommodate six begin at \$170 a night.

For those who prefer to sleep on land, Southern Comfort Bed and Breakfast Reservation Service (800-749-1928, fax 504-343-0672) maintains a list of private houses and inns. The Lafayette Tourist and Information Bureau (800-346-1958) does the same for hotels.



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HG SEPTEMBER 1991



Ginny Ruffner, above, in her studio. Top left: On the reverse of Beauty as Medusa, Botticelli's Venus becomes Caravaggio's Medusa. Top right: Beauty Multiplies the Jugs and Fishes, a feminist take on the parable. Right: Paints and pencils on Ruffner's worktable. Details see Resources.

ince day one, I've been trying to rewrite art history. It's a big job," says Ginny Ruffner, with a southern belle smile, about the work that fills her studio in a renovated loft building near Seattle's Pike Place Market. Georgia-born Ruffner studied painting but in 1976 turned to lampworked glass-heating and shaping glass rods over a flame. This offers Ruffner the best of both painting and sculpture, since she uses paints, pastels, and colored pencils on the glass pieces to produce a highly narrative art that probes, she says, "the meaning of beauty and its subjective nature," as well as the role of women in art.

Armed with art historical references, Ruffner turns myths inside

out, as in Beauty as Medusa, a snakeringed "mirror" showing the face of Botticelli's Venus on one side and Caravaggio's Medusa on the other. Beauty Multiplies the Jugs and Fishes is a sort of feminist reworking of the biblical parable of the loaves and fishes. Ruffner's

next project is a series called *Stella at the Louvre*, which addresses the issue of male artists' power (Frank Stella is the case in point) and the fact that in the great museums of the world, including the Louvre, the vast majority of the artists represented are men. "Until we change the images that we base ourselves on, nothing will change," she insists.

Ruffner's work—which has appeared as a hologram in an Absolut vodka ad—is now on view at the National Museum of American Art in Washington, D.C., and at the Linda Farris Gallery in Seattle (both through Sept. 29). Ruffner is curating an exhibition on glass in contemporary art at the Tacoma Art Museum later this year and will be represented in several museum shows from Rouen to Hokkaido.

And as her aspirations grow, so does the scale of her projects. She attributes part of the change to her move last year into her new 1,200 square foot studio. "The size of the space determines the size of your work," she maintains. "If you have a lot of space around you, you think better." So after changing the world, Ruffner says, what she would really like is "three thousand square feet and a forklift." \triangle

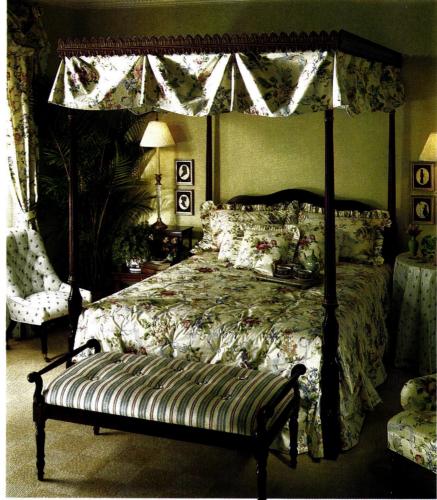
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MANK HAMPTON COLLECTION

Mark Hampton designs for Hickory Chair combine the classical forms of the 18th Century and Regency eras, with the whimsical, eccentric furniture styles of the early Victorian period, and the soft comfortable upholstery of the early 20th Century.

According to Mark, "My
Collection includes a variety of
designs for people whose
ideas about decorating span many
different styles and periods.
Romantic, cozy interiors evoke a gentle
past that can be felt throughout
the Collection. I am that type person
and want that kind of comfort
in my own home."





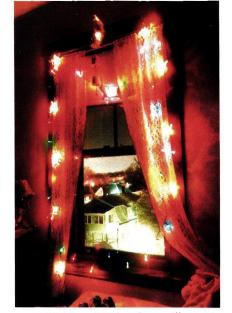
"The original of this late Georgian style canopy bed came have always loved near Oxford."

"My favorite place to paint in the country is facing the garden, at this table with legs carved to resemble bamboo."



from a shop we





Christmas Window, Somerville, Massachusetts, by Mary Kocol, 1989.

ooking at "Pleasures and Terrors of Domestic Comfort," **d** an astonishing group of photographs on exhibit at New York's Museum of Modern Art (Sept. 26-Dec. 31), we are confronted by the unpredictability of our homes and our lives in relation to others. The pleasures of domesticity seem to depend on the objects we surround ourselves with, and the terrors have to do with the expressiveness and volatility of our human nature. If we are middle class—and the majority of the photographs seem to be of middle-class households—chances are we feel some identification with our domestic surroundings, choosing and arranging them in ways that speak for us. Our homes are an essential part of how we present and even create ourselves. In addition, the show suggests that our dwellings are what separate and conceal us from the rest of the world, forming the outer limits of our privacy.

In a photograph by Mary Kocol,

we look through the red glow of Christmas lights and the wavy glass of an old window to neighboring houses. Access to the world is both livened and prettified by what appears to be a desperate cheeriness. And yet, a naked light bulb hangs down as a reminder of

Home Truth

A new exhibit explores the facts of domestic life

BY MARK STRAND

the actual plainness of the life within.

In another photograph, by Gregory Crewdson, a crowded scene of blooming flowers, constructed of fake materials, is all one sees from the window, as if the terror of dissolution could be masked and the eternal spring of the window could save us. What happens is the opposite—the window's stifling ebullience strikes us as funereal and we think of the house as a kind of coffin.

Are we ever free, even within our own enclosures, or must we always find ways of further protecting ourselves? In a photograph by Doug Du-Bois, the act of reading separates family members from each other. There is no obvious terror here, nothing that implies anything but pleasure, except their disquieting separateness. They appear to have chosen not to engage or to look at one another. The X on the boy's magazine assumes an added power in this context as a symbol of cancellation. The pleasure of reading suddenly becomes sinister, concealing and signaling fear at the same time.

William Eggleston's photograph of a young girl standing on the porch of her miniature mansion suggests guarding one's privacy can never be-



Doug DuBois's My Brother Luke, London, 1989.

gin too soon. The child seems already practiced in what will become more than just the pleasure of ownership. There is a defiance about her stance, a precocious realization that she must protect what she has.

What do these photographs tell us we are afraid of? Contact with others, even members of our own family? Contact with anything that will disappoint us? Is this why we construct so many barriers around ourselves? And what happens when the sanctuary we call home turns against us and our furnishings take on an unpleasing familiarity? The answer is simply that sometimes we are prisoners, victims of a condition or a world that turns the pleasure of domestic comfort into modes of terror and leaves us unable to run from ourselves or the places we have claimed as our own.

In a photograph by Sage Sohier, a naked baby, adoringly viewed by its mother and father, shapes the oddly reassuring gesture of "OK" by touch-

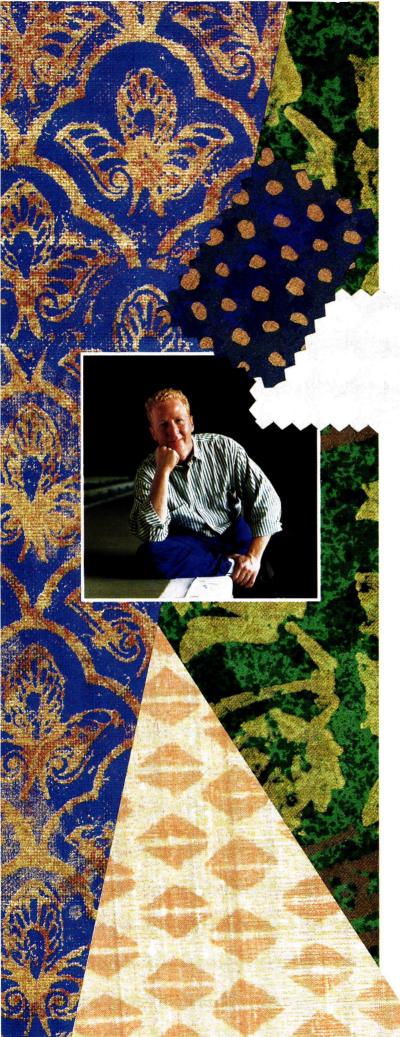
ing the tip of its fore-finger to the tip of its thumb. The baby is suddenly a prophet, knowing what is inevitable in any home but seeming to say, "It's OK, it's life." Our willingness to believe the baby will be tested by the extraordinary pictures in this show.





Duette: Making the world a shade more beautiful.





Screen Play

Houston's Rusty Arena stages a silk screen revival By James Lewis

ittle about the outside of the converted machine shop in the Houston barrio provides a clue as to what takes place within. Not the chain link fence and overgrown yard, not the trains that rattle by, and certainly not the adopted neighborhood stray named Pierre who lazes against a wall. The interior is hardly more revealing: but for the gouaches on the walls, Rusty Arena's studio could be the office of a small car-parts wholesaler, and the center room—with its buckets of pigments, hundred-foot-long printing tables, and racks of silk screens—looks like the workspace for some disenfranchised art school. The Texas heat overpowers the feeble fans;

Arena has been known to answer the phone, "Fabrics from Hell." But the low-key look is misleading: Arena Fabrics is making a name with its gorgeous textiles for interiors, and everything, from the making of the screens to the mixing of the colors to the printing, is done here.

Silk-screening takes patience, but the more common alternative, roller-printing, creates a flatter design, Arena says, "and six months later you want to burn it. We're trying to create something with more lasting appeal." To that end, bolts of cotton, linen, silk, and velvet are stretched and hand-screened with as many as eight successive patterns in mixtures of transparent, translucent, and opaque dyes and metallic colors made of ground mica and pigment. And Arena may add even more texture by scratching the images on the screen with a penknife. The result is a deep layering of colors that appear and vanish as light plays across the cloth.

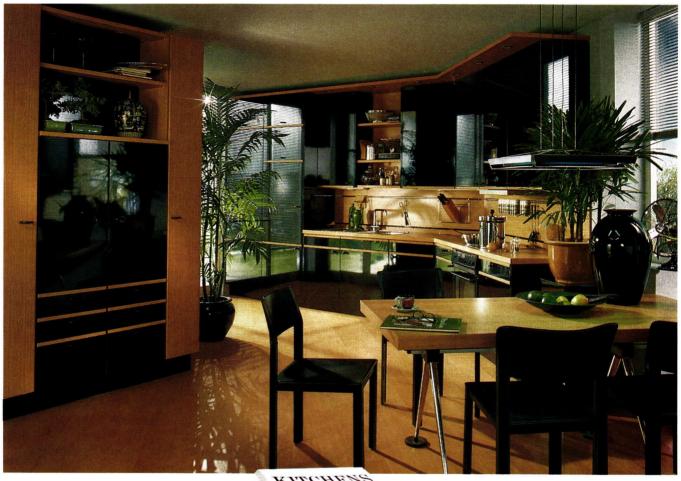
A self-taught painter, Arena has adapted patterns from Coptic textiles, Pompeian bronzes, and Renaissance art. "If I see something I like," he says, "I'll take it and reinterpret it so that it can be repeated." Over the next year he plans to introduce a contemporary line named Post-Atomic that will feature wide slashes and spots of intense colors—including two he calls "deep toxic green" and "proton pink"—and a tropical line with botanical forms

Rusty Arena, inset, with an array of his fabrics. Clockwise from top left: Corniche in lapis and bronze; Venezia in cyprus, gold, and bronze; Half Tone in lapis and copper; Niosh in frost; and Romba in flamingo. Details see Resources.

reminiscent of Matisse cutouts.

Arena himself remains unimpressed with his six-year-old firm's recent successes, among them this year's AIA Artist and Craftsman Award and a brisk expansion in the number of showrooms that handle his fabrics. "I never wanted to be a businessman," he says.

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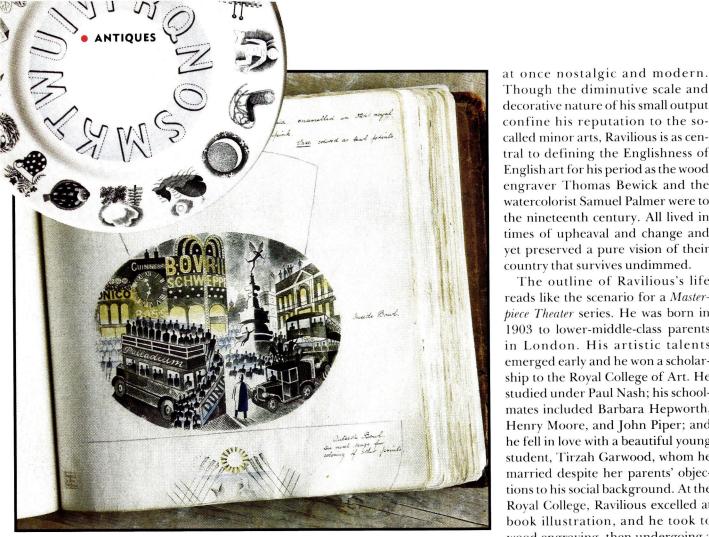
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Lasting Impressions

In his prints and pottery Eric Ravilious was a master of the fine line By Martin Filler

o people cherish their domesticity more than the English. That deep love of both house and homeland is reflected throughout English art and design, but rarely with the charm and poignancy of the work of Eric Ravilious. This gifted and tragic figure flourished between the two world wars and was a victim of the second, dying on a mission at the age of thirtynine. But he is far from unremembered and indeed lately has become a cult figure among collectors, who avidly seek out the books and ceramics he enriched with designs

Clockwise from top left: Alphabet plate, 1937; 1938 design in Wedgwood pattern book; Boat Race Day vase, 1938; Afternoon Tea plate, 1937; Garden plate, 1938; Travel plate, 1938.

Though the diminutive scale and decorative nature of his small output confine his reputation to the socalled minor arts, Ravilious is as central to defining the Englishness of English art for his period as the wood engraver Thomas Bewick and the watercolorist Samuel Palmer were to the nineteenth century. All lived in times of upheaval and change and yet preserved a pure vision of their country that survives undimmed. The outline of Ravilious's life

reads like the scenario for a Masterpiece Theater series. He was born in 1903 to lower-middle-class parents in London. His artistic talents emerged early and he won a scholarship to the Royal College of Art. He studied under Paul Nash; his schoolmates included Barbara Hepworth, Henry Moore, and John Piper; and he fell in love with a beautiful young student, Tirzah Garwood, whom he married despite her parents' objections to his social background. At the Royal College, Ravilious excelled at book illustration, and he took to wood engraving, then undergoing a widespread revival, with amazing skill. The limited-edition presses that sprang up during the twenties gave Ravilious ample opportunity to raise his woodcut technique to a mastery unequaled by any of his contemporaries. His compelling grasp of contrast—light versus dark, fragile line against rough-hewn plane, Renaissance allegory countering cubist abstraction—give a black and white vignette or a tiny tailpiece the imploded power of a miniature universe. His favorite themes of the seasons, months of the year, fireworks, the sun, moon, and stars all confirm a desire to create a microcosm bursting with energy and transcending the limitations of space.

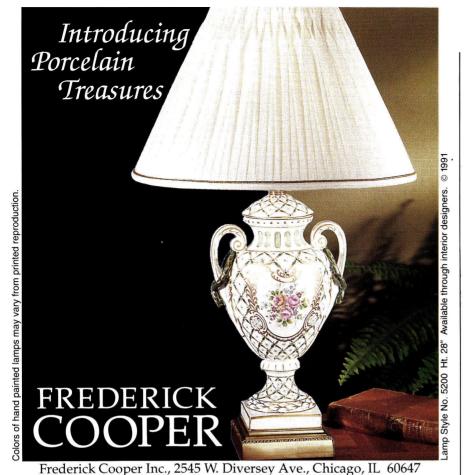












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Ravilious soon came to the attention of Josiah Wedgwood & Sons, the venerable pottery at that time enjoying a notable resurgence of originality. In 1936, Wedgwood asked Ravilious to decorate a commemorative mug for the coronation of Edward VIII. That lively, unconventional treatment—a huge royal monogram flanking the British coat of arms beneath a frieze of explod-

The outline of Eric Ravilious's life reads like a scenario for Masterpiece Theater

ing pyrotechnics—was so admired that after the abdication it was revised for the crowning of George VI and again for Elizabeth II in 1953.

The simple traditional shapes Ravilious was given to work with, often in creamware, were ideal foils for his curvilinear ornaments, which were applied by the old method of transfer printing. In the three years before World War II, Ravilious poured out one imaginative Wedgwood china design after another: the sprightly Alphabet series for children, the suburban-pastoral Garden service, and the Noël dessert set with its spirited motifs of holly and angels.

Ravilious tried his hand at other domestic products: glassware, fabrics, and some exceptionally elegant Regency-inspired ladder-back chairs. But like many decorative artists, he craved recognition for his "serious" paintings, mainly landscapes which, though well drawn, lack the impact of his wood engravings. Thus he felt honored when in 1939 the British government asked him to become an official war artist to record the conflict for posterity. It was on a flight off Iceland in 1942 that the plane carrying Captain Eric Ravilious of the Royal Marines was lost. He was far from home, but his work survives, filled—as a poem he once illustrated says—with the "praise of a perpetual English April." A

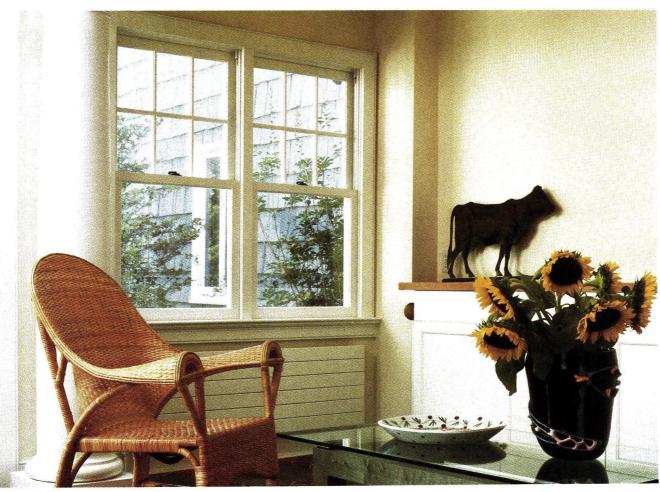
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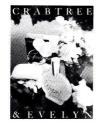


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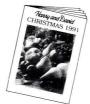


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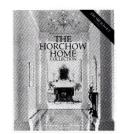
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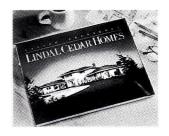
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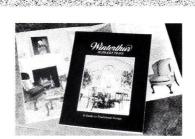
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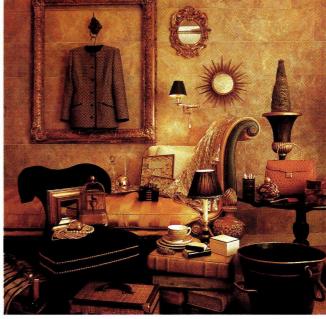
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The Well-Dressed House

When Susan McCone isn't outfitting her clients' wardrobes, she's decorating their rooms to suit By Brooke Hayward



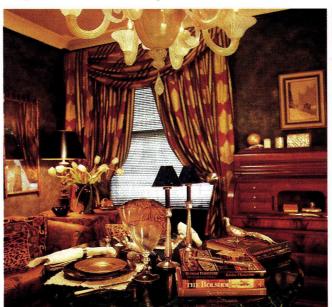
SUSAN McCONE NEVER SEEMS TO HAVE enough space to accommodate her creative energies. Eleven years ago, after a successful career as a securities litigator at the New York firm of Sullivan & Cromwell, she changed horses midstream to try her hand at designing custom clothes for professional women—women like herself, who refused to wear pinstripes. Operating out of the living room of the Upper East Side apartment she

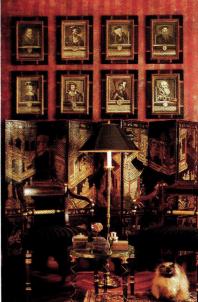
now shares with her husband, Robert Wessely, a lawyer, and their two cats, Edwina and Louis, McCone began stitching simple, versatile, exquisitely tailored jackets in bold patterns for day and sequins for night. Fellow lawyers and bankers ready for a less buttoned-up look

found their way to McCone, and soon her cottage industry, which she called Jonal ("It's my middle name-a combination of John, my father's name, and Alyce, my mother's"), demanded larger quarters. Since then, with an ever-expanding following, McCone has moved shop from an office suite to a

boutique to two floors of a town house. And this past spring she picked up again (lock, stock, barrel, and twenty-two employees) and took over three floors of a town house at East 73rd Street off Madison Avenue to make room for her recent expansion into home furnishings. After a decade spent catering to the wardrobes of discerning women (lapelless black satin jackets, pale pink ostrich handbags, and Audrey Hepburn *Breakfast at Tiffany's* hats in tangerine straw are recent Jonal staples), McCone is ready to decorate their houses.

Couturier Susan McCone, <u>above left</u>, in the living room of her Connecticut retreat. <u>Above right</u>: McCone mixes fashion and decorating at her New York shop, Jonal. <u>Below left</u>: Print curtains and walls lined with painted canvas in her city dining room. <u>Below right</u>: Edwina the cat holds court under a wall of Flemish mezzotints in the city living room. <u>Left</u>: An embellished flea market bust. Details see Resources.





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HAVE GOT THIS VILLA QUITE nice at last with some gay chintz (which I love), mauve and pink wistaria, and instead of the horrible glaring chandeliers in the middle of the ceiling I have hired some shaded lamps," Daisy, princess of Pless, wrote of the Villa La Vigie in her diary in February 1909. Born Cornwallis-West, the daughter of a former mistress of Edward VII, Daisy was celebrated as one of the great beauties of her generation. Her sister, Shelagh, married the second duke of Westminster, known as Bend Or; her brother was Lady Randolph Churchill's second husband; Daisy married Prince Henry of Pless, a German and the heir to a large fortune. In her three volumes of memoirs, their lives, as members of a roving European aristocracy that congregated along the French Riviera during the winter months, are recorded in quotidian detail. There is Daisy, "entourée with Grand Dukes and Grand Duchesses"; picnicking on the rocks at Cap Ferrat and singing for her children while her husband whistles the harmony; taking tea with the empress Eugénie at her villa nearby; whiling away evenings at the casino, where the croupiers keep a wary eye on the kleptomaniacal duchess of Devonshire; savoring a life soon to be swept away by the First World War. "This villa," she wrote of La Vigie, "is...built high up on a rock, a beautiful situation, one side grass and olive trees and in front cedar trees down to the sea."

It was twenty years ago, on his first visit to Monte Carlo, that Karl Lagerfeld first saw La Vigie—the Lookout. "I was at the country club," he recalls,

Villa La Vigie, above left. Left: As a backdrop to Louis XVI chairs in the dining room, Lagerfeld converted ornamental panels from period boiserie into folding screens. Opposite: A Louis XV sofa and chairs in the guests' sitting room are upholstered in the same red damask that covers the walls. In the corner is a bust of the dancer Marie-Madeleine Guimard, a star of the 18th-century Paris Opéra. The Savonnerie-style carpet is Russian, c. 1850.





"What a pity that you've let that house fall apart,"







"bored by the tennis," and looming in the background was this great ruin of a house. He made inquiries and learned that it belonged to the Société des Bains de Mer, a company largely owned by the principality. "What a pity that you've let that house fall apart," he told Prince Rainier years later. Lagerfeld offered to fix it up, provided he could have the use of it for the rest of his life. In 1985, he got the lease; the following year he started repairs. By that time only the shell of La Vigie remained: there were gaping holes in the roof, the doors had disappeared, the floors had fallen through.

The house, built in 1902 for an Englishman, was designed to take advantage of the sea on three sides. Seen from the Grande Corniche, it sits alone on a promontory, nestled among trees, apart from downtown Monte Carlo, where glass and concrete condominiums shoehorned into the winding streets compete for light and air. La Vigie has been described as a wedding cake, with its high colonnades and a balcony jutting from every window; it is painted a soft white, which the glow of the Mediterranean sun turns the color of butter cream.

When it came to reconstructing the interior of La Vigie, there was not much to go on. Lagerfeld installed a new staircase modeled after Marie Antoinette's at Saint-Cloud. On the basis of some ceiling beams, a frieze, and a fragment of wallpaper remaining on the second floor, he re-created a Gothic room fit for Gabriele D'Annunzio. In the course of his research, he came across the memoirs of the princess of Pless, whom his mother had known in Germany, and

The enfilade beyond a chaise longue in the master bedroom, opposite, links a salon and breakfast room. Above left: The breakfast room, known as the family room because it is furnished with pieces from Lagerfeld's mother's boudoir, has Biedermeier chairs, a Gustav III daybed, and an adjustable table à la Tronchin. Left: The Elisabeth Salon takes its name from the sister of Louis XVI for whom Boulard made the armchairs.







it is to her spirit that the house is dedicated. In the salon downstairs he erected a row of columns like the ones she had in her salon at Fürstenstein, her husband's family seat in Silesia.

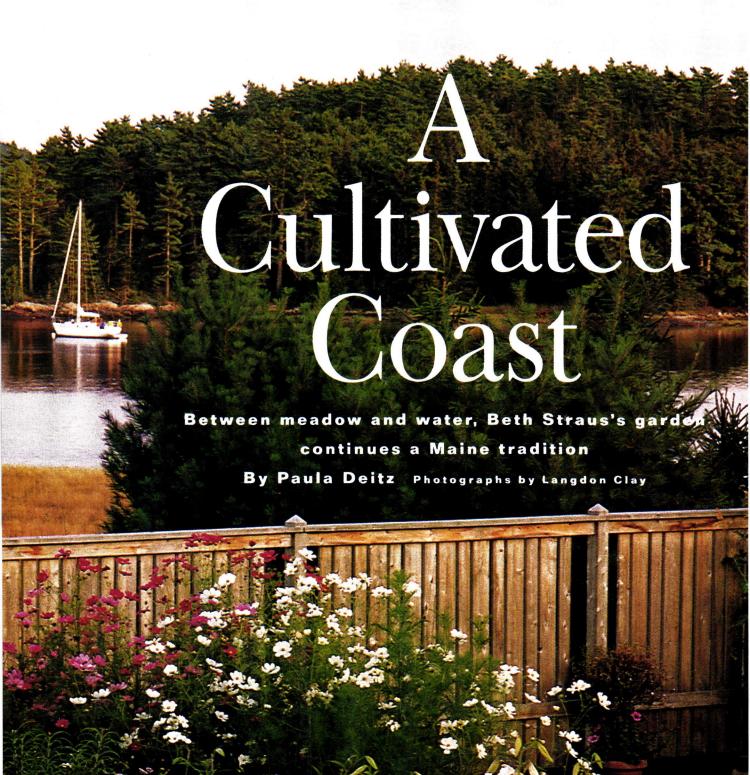
The decorator with whom Lager-feld embarked on La Vigie's restoration was soon relieved of her duties, having failed to satisfy his absolute perfectionism, and he took over. By the time the packing crates full of books and clothes were finally unloaded in 1988, he says, the refurbishment had already been done twice. But it was only as he began to settle in that he came to understand the way the house should be, so he had much of it done all over again.

The wrought-iron furniture by André Dubreuil in the second-floor salon was removed "because it frightened the guests," he explains, and shipped off to his house in Hamburg. Lagerfeld says that re-creating La Vigie has taught him a lesson: "You have to live in a house and know its circulation in order to furnish it decently. I will never again finish a house before I move in."

Lagerfeld has neatly divided La Vigie into territories: the main floor, everybody's; the second floor, the guests'; the third floor, his. He arranged the two guest suites upstairs with a sitting room of their own in between, (Continued on page 194)

La Vigie is not a typical Côte d'Azur house; it's more "like a dream of what you think life was like before the First World War"







N SUMMER DAYS ALONG THE coast of Maine, there is a moment when stillness prevails. In her 1896 story about a coastal village, "The Country of the Pointed Firs," Sarah Orne Jewett describes this as "the slack water period of the early afternoon" when "the very boats seemed to be taking an afternoon nap in the sun." Jewett's friend the poet Celia Thaxter, who lived and gardened on Appledore, one of the Isles of Shoals ten miles off the coast, wrote of a similar pause in AnIsland Garden (1894). Looking out from her shady piazza, she gazed across her "happy flower beds" to "grassy, rocky slopes shelving gradually to the sea, with...blossoming grass softly swaying...against the peaceful, pale blue water."

Since change comes slowly to the Maine coast, the scene remains almost the same—especially at Somes Meadow, a property with a white clapboard house at the head of a meadow overlooking the village harbor at Somesville, Maine, where Beth

Seeds brought from abroad are added to the Maine mixture



Straus began creating her summer garden nearly twenty years ago. Currently senior vice chairman of the New York Botanical Garden and a volunteer there for over forty years, Mrs. Straus has long been dedicated to the excellence of horticulture in

the city. But she is also one in a distinguished line of women who appreciate that gardens in Maine are partners to the rugged beauty of the mountainous and rocky coast-the borrowed landscape beyond the garden fence. Besides Jewett and Thaxter, there were Beatrix Jones Farrand, the landscape architect who lived at Reef Point at nearby Bar Harbor, and the writer Katharine S. White, who gardened in Brooklin on Blue Hill Bay.

"There was so much

beauty here that at first I thought a garden would be redundant to the meadow," Beth Straus recalls. "But I wanted a garden and finally tucked it in so as to enhance and retain the character of the landscape." She remembers early on looking out across the meadow in spring when it was a field of buttercups. Suddenly, the yellow flowers all took flight as a flock of goldfinches flew away. Now in June, the tall spikes of masses of wild lupines whose seeds Beth Straus scatters every year make of the meadow a second ocean of purple blue as the morning mists rise above Somes Sound and Bar Island, This view across the water, one of the few fjords on the East Coast, has an unexpected Nordic serenity.

Somesville preserves the independence and integrity of a year-round village, unlike neighboring towns that are mainly summer communities. The house at Somes Meadow, formerly a summer hotel with popular afternoon teas, is located near where the first permanent settler, Abraham Somes, landed on Mount Desert Island in 1761. Much of the surrounding wilderness has been incorporated into Acadia National Park. Although Beth Straus and her husband, Donald, live in Manhattan, they keep their Maine house open throughout the year, since Donald is a trustee of the College of the Atlantic in Bar Harbor, a school dedicated to human ecology and environmental concerns. Beth Straus is chairman of the Asticou Azalea Garden in Northeast Harbor.

What is now the garden at Somes Meadow is actually a collection of gardens formed over the years on the edges of the wilder landscape. The first and largest is the 80-by-64-

The gray of a cedar board fence, opposite above, sets off scabiosa, white alyssum, and nasturtiums. Opposite below: In the greenhouse cottage garden, alchemilla, nepeta, dianthus, and bushy thistle cluster near a field of lupines. Right from top: Columbines in the shade garden; veronica, coreopsis, delphinium, nicotiana, and campanula in the dooryard garden below a daylily border; lupines overflowing the spring meadow.







foot vegetable and cutting garden, which occupies the site of the old clay tennis court. In feeling, it is very like Celia Thaxter's rectangular garden as portrayed in Childe Hassam's paintings, burgeoning with the brilliant seaside hues of poppies and roses against the silver gray of a weathered board fence. Because of strong coastal gusts, the rough cedar planks are spaced to lower wind resistance and keep the fence standing. The openings also offer glimpses of the garden to people walking up the hill from the landing.

The large central bed of the garden, planted in utilitarian rows, is framed by granite curbstones quarried and cut locally. From the garden gate, the main axis across this bed, a narrow path through a double row of marigold 'Lemon Gem', leads to a weathered garden bench backed by a lacy wall of sweet peas, twigged up, as they say down east, by fine birch branches gathered in the woods. From the grass walk around the central area, views extend across the panorama of bright colors and regimental rows of mixed flowers and vegetables of various heights: nasturtiums, zinnias, snapdragons, beets, lettuce, and shallots, to name a few. Almost all the annuals and perennials are grown from seed, beginning with delphiniums in February. Coming home to Maine from trips to other regions or abroad, Beth Straus often arrives with small envelopes of seeds to add to her mixture. She has been guided in this endeavor by Paul Ritter, a retired neighbor from New Jersey, who has gardened with her during the past ten years. "We

taught each other how to garden," she says.

Regardless of the season, there is a sense of balance, a richly multicolored striped carpet across the sound from Norumbega Mountain. Along one perimeter bed, roses and dahlias rise above a frilly edge of parsley, and two smaller rectangular



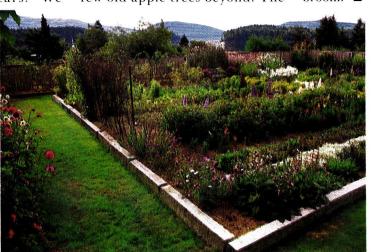
beds encompass a strawberry patch and the herb garden with lovage, mint, sorrel, dill, and scented geranium. Elsewhere, rosemary topiaries grow in terra-cotta pots. Raspberry canes and five kinds of high bush blueberries are screened from the birds by a light nylon mesh, and pole beans provide a tall green filigree along one edge of the garden.

Warm colors give way to cooler passages—pink, white, and lavender with a touch of yellow—in planted areas away from the water, particularly in the shade garden, raised above a stone wall with columbine, astilbe, and thalictrum. In a small cottage garden around a greenhouse, a preponderance of silver foliage offsets the pale colors. Both of these gardens blend into a meadow of wild grasses and daylilies, with a few old apple trees beyond. The

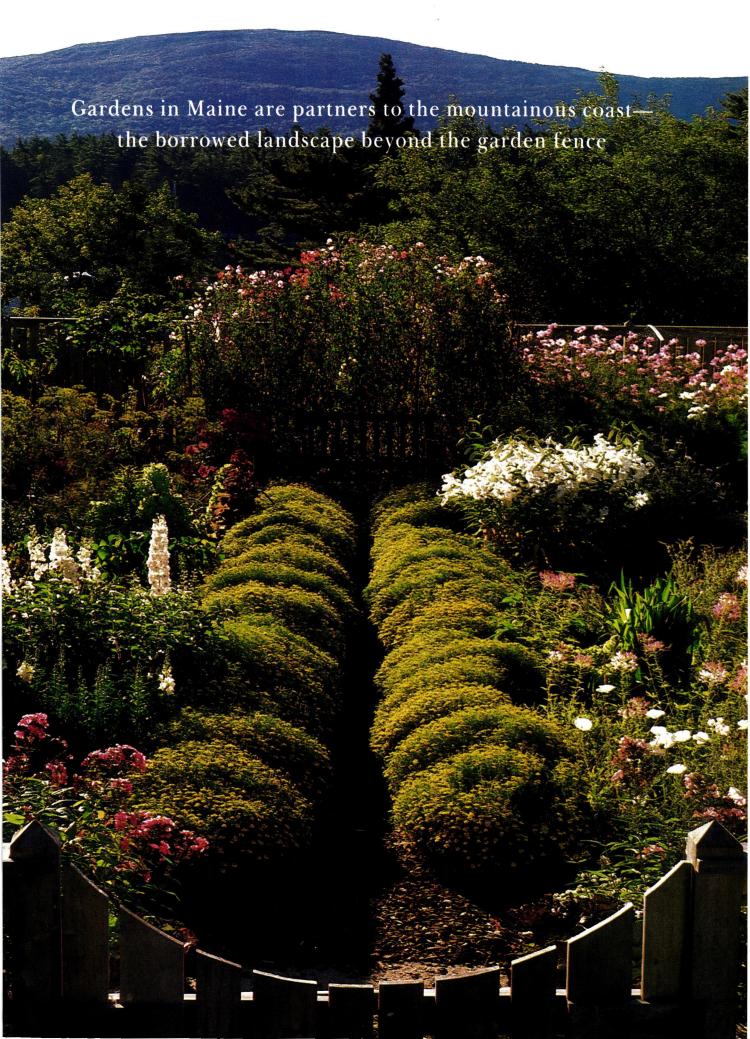
meadows are mowed once a year, in September, and a path from the harbor cuts across the grassy slope on the waterside through a screen of spruce trees that partially shields the dark green-shuttered house and its long deck.

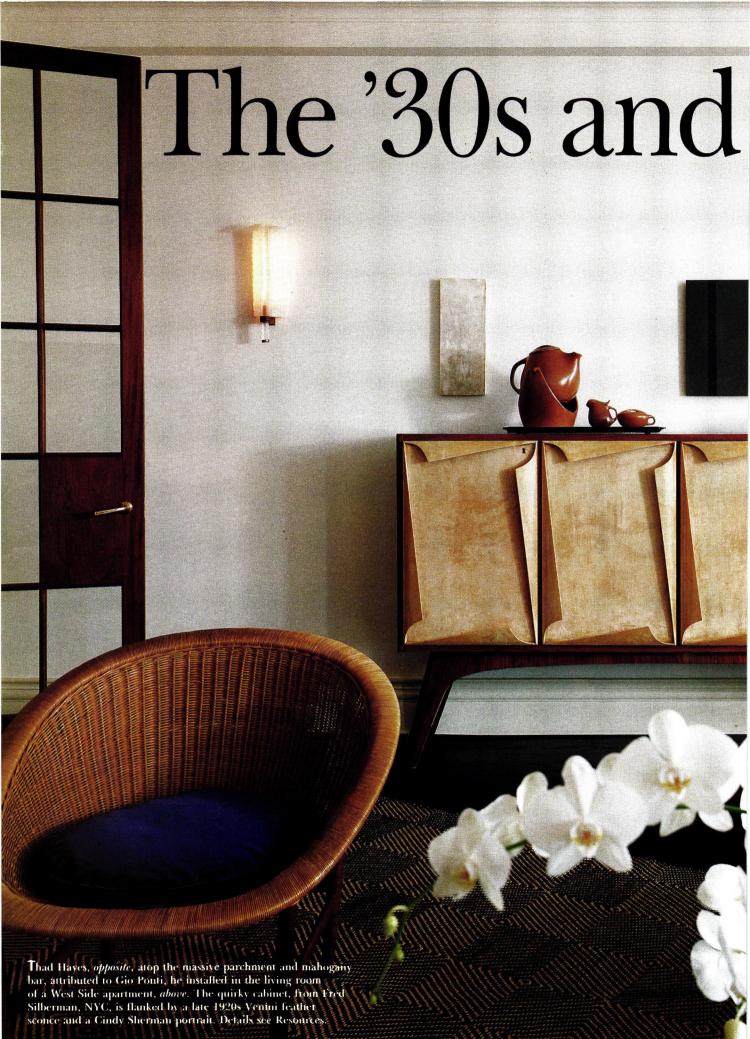
When it comes to cutting and arranging flowers, Beth Straus agrees with Celia Thaxter's notion that "they look loveliest ... when each color is kept by itself." Of the five major arrangements in the living areas one may be all of white

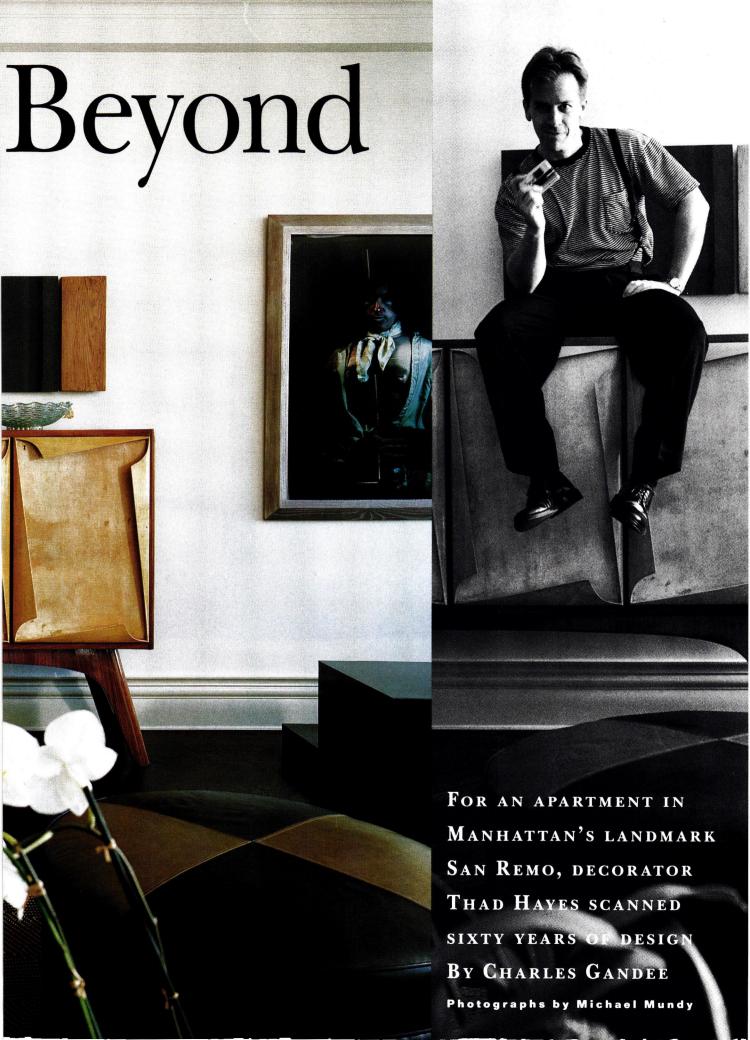
with lilies, petunias, and phlox, and another a mixture of magenta dahlias and purple asters. Beth Straus used to specialize in spare oriental arrangements for her modern New York apartment, but now the Maine cutting garden has inspired these generous bouquets of many different flowers. But what is most Maine is the intimacy of the dooryard garden. Seen from afar as a fringe of color below a stone wall, this sunken border across from the main entrance includes artemisia, hosta, nepeta, thalictrum, and sedum 'Autumn Joy' with a honeysuckle tree at one end. Laid out in a great semicircle, the artfully simple border is not unlike one described by Jewett in her story: "There grew a mass of gay flowers and greenery, as if they had been swept together by some diligent garden broom." ▲ Editor: Senga Mortimer



Rows of marigold 'Lemon Gem' edge a narrow path from the garden gate, opposite, to a weathered garden bench, above, set in a bower of sweet peas, dark pink phlox, purple campanula, and white cosmos. Left: Surrounded by curbstones of locally quarried granite, rows of vegetables and flowers in the central bed are rotated annually. Bare twigs supported peas earlier in the season.

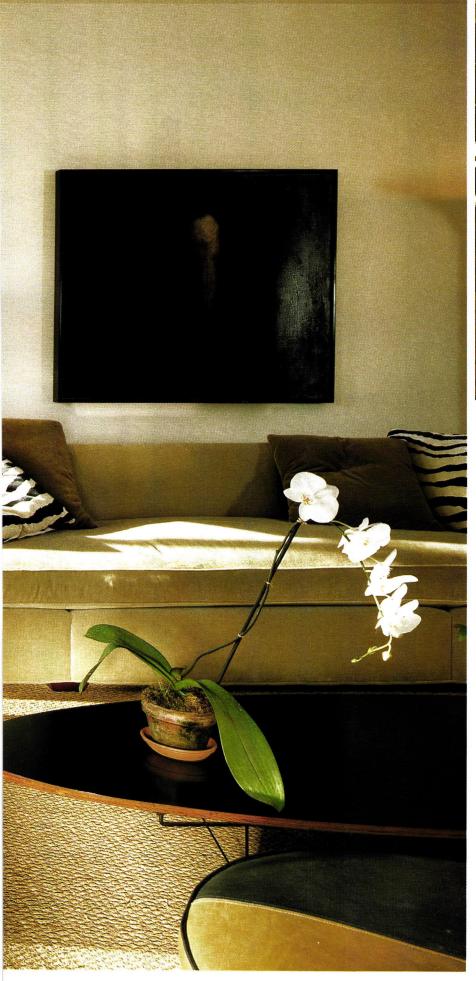








Hayes's goal was to create the illusion that the apartmen





N 1930, BEFORE THE ADVENT OF gypboard walls, hollow-core doors, and vinyl windows with snap-on mullions—not to mention such guaranteed-to-make-a-developer-smile concepts as low ceilings and L-shaped living-dining combinations-architect Emery Roth built his residential masterpiece on Central Park West, the San Remo. Although the Dakota, two blocks south, may be the more famous namebrand building-assuming the role of Jackie O. to the San Remo's Lee Radziwill—there's something slightly ominous, slightly menacing, about the gabled and turreted pile John Lennon, Gilda Radner, and Leonard Bernstein once called home. (Not for nothing was Rosemary's Baby filmed there in 1967.) In other words, this is one instance where the second sister may, in fact, be preferable. Especially to those who place a high priority on things gracious, things genteel, things discreet. (Tellingly enough, Madonna, a San Remo wannabe, was turned away at the door by the co-op board: Rita Hayworth was one thing, the ambitious blonde quite another.)

There's nothing like the San Remo back in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, where decorator Thad Hayes grew up. No majestic twin towers with palatial lobbies presided over by uni-

had been untouched by time—almost





"The juxtaposition of furniture and objects is sometimes symbolic"



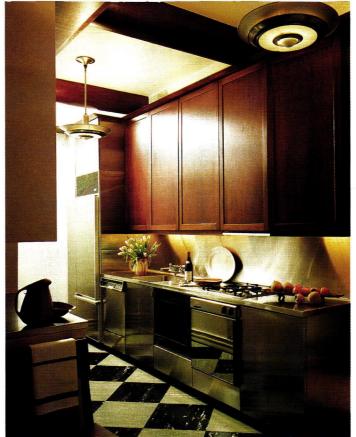


formed doormen who hail taxis with silver whistles. No chance of bumping into Yasmin Khan or Diane Keaton in the hall. No local gossip about how much Bruce Willis and Demi Moore paid for their triplex upstairs. And even though Hayes hied northeast in 1978 and since that time has succeeded in ascending to a more than respectable rung on the decorating establishment ladder, there's still enough of the wide-eyed boy from Baton Rouge left in him to succumb to the allure of old urbane Manhattan.

"Initially, I reacted to the place—not to the

apartment exactly but to the idea of the 1930s San Remo and its New York society," acknowledges Hayes, recalling his first visit to the two-bedroom apartment that his client, a bachelor anesthesiologist, bought from actress Michael Learned (of The Waltons fame). The thirty-fiveyear-old decorator's reaction to the sixty-one-year-old apartment shell took the form of deferential treat-

ment. It seemed only natural and appropriate, for example, to strip and reglaze the five sets of steel casement windows overlooking Central Park, to replace deteriorated baseboards, crown moldings, and trim, to replaster plaster walls—in essence, to restore what was already there. It also seemed only natural and appropriate, according to Hayes, to seek aesthetic inspiration in the building for the inevitable architectural additions and emendations required: such as the new mahogany French doors that recall, thanks to their slender mullions, the case-



"I used many shades of off-white, which isn't apparent. I like that perversity in design"

the new passage opening the living room to the bedroom; such as the allbut-new kitchen, which, save for the Gaggenau, the Sub-Zero, and the KitchenAid, could be old. Hayes's goal, in other words, was to create the illusion that the apartment had been untouched by time. Almost. If Hayes's first re-

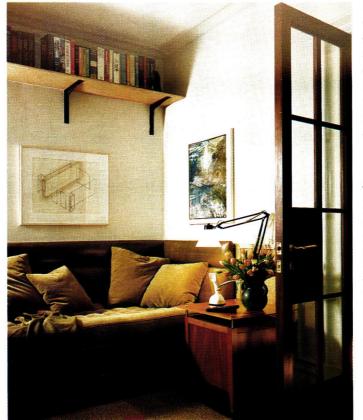
ment windows; such as

sponse to the stylistic armature supplied by the San Remo was reverence. his second response was to play off the vintage thirties theme—to push and pull and prod the apartment somewhat further along in the twenti-

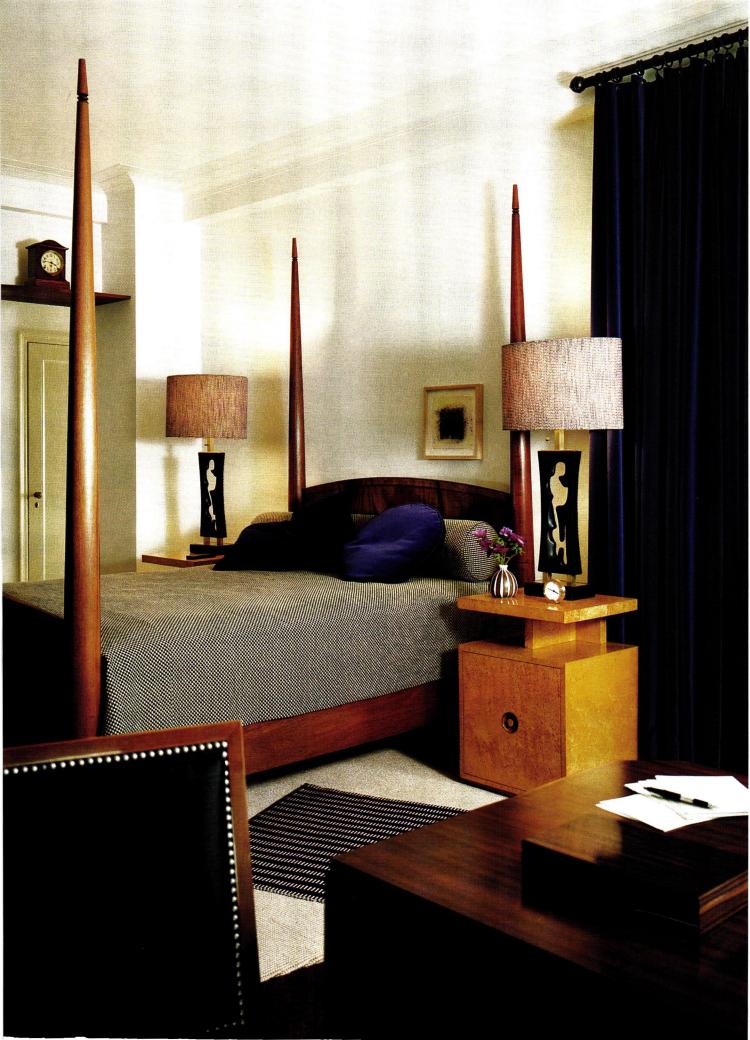
eth century. To build this decorative bridge between then and now, Hayes relied on his keen eye and acquisitive hand, both of which were well utilized as he searched the vintagefurniture emporiums of lower Manhattan choosing pieces that collectively offer a cross-section of the century, slicing, as they do, neatly through the thirties, forties, fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Since

> Haves's client is also an enthusiastic collector of contemporary paintings and sculpture, the later decades do not suffer from lack of representation. "The apartment really is about a love of collections of dissimilar

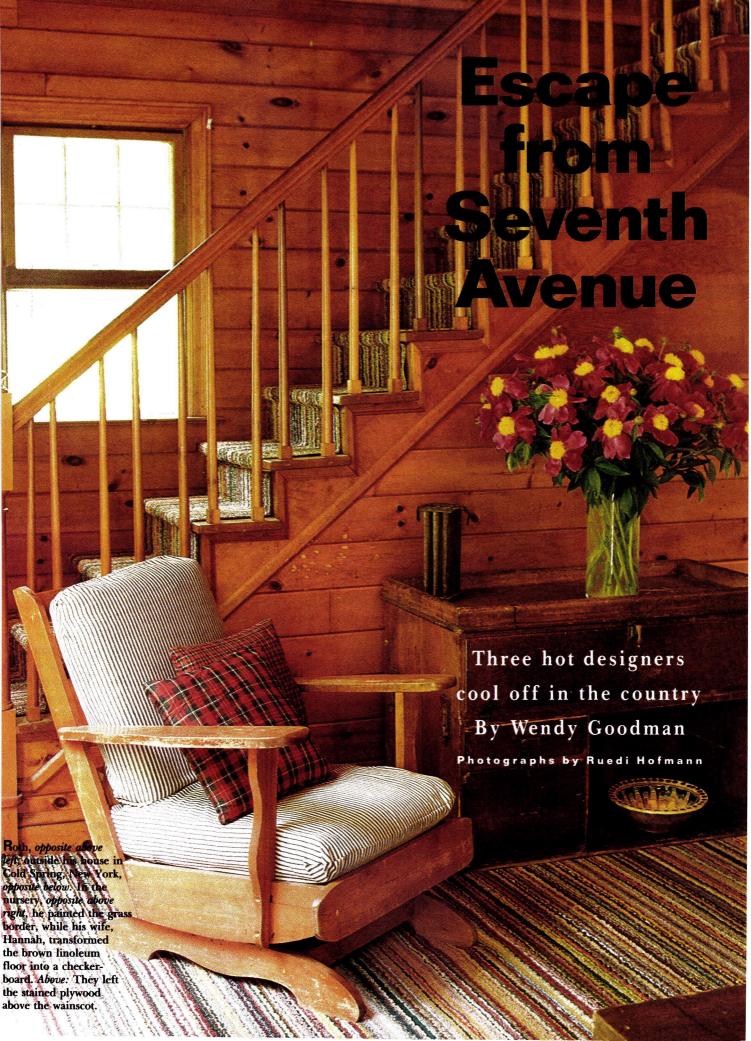
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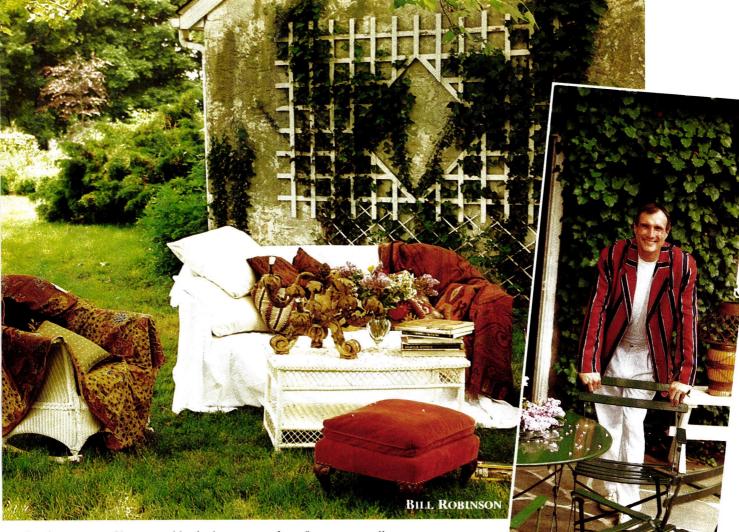
American art deco night tables and brass and ebony lamps from the fifties flank a massive mahogany fourposter Hayes designed to anchor the bedroom, opposite. Bed fabric from André Bon. Left: In the library a 1985 Ross Bleckner crowns a daybed in green velvet. Above: Mahogany meets stainless steel in the kitchen where Hayes blurred the distinction between old and new.











ing is a sweep of lawns and beds that seems to have been in place for years.

"For me making the garden is similar to making a collection," Leva says. "The clothing is inspired by the fabrics, just as the garden is inspired by the various plants and how they work together. I'll try color experiments in the garden before I'll try them in the collection." One such test: an intense yellow yarrow with silver green foliage planted next to chartreuse lady's-mantle. "I'm antigarden snobs," he adds. "I like to play. Here I wanted plants like goldenrod, Rosa rugosa, field daisies, poppies." His next garden will be his own: "I'd love to find a little farmhouse in this area where I'll plant a wildflower

Robinson, above right, in clothing from his spring collection, calls his 1723 stone house in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, his "place to go and stop." Above: In the summer he sets up an outdoor living room behind the garage, with old chairs, a sofa draped with a vintage shawl, and a vista of lawn, pool, and cutting garden. Right: The alfresco dining room, complete with chandelier.

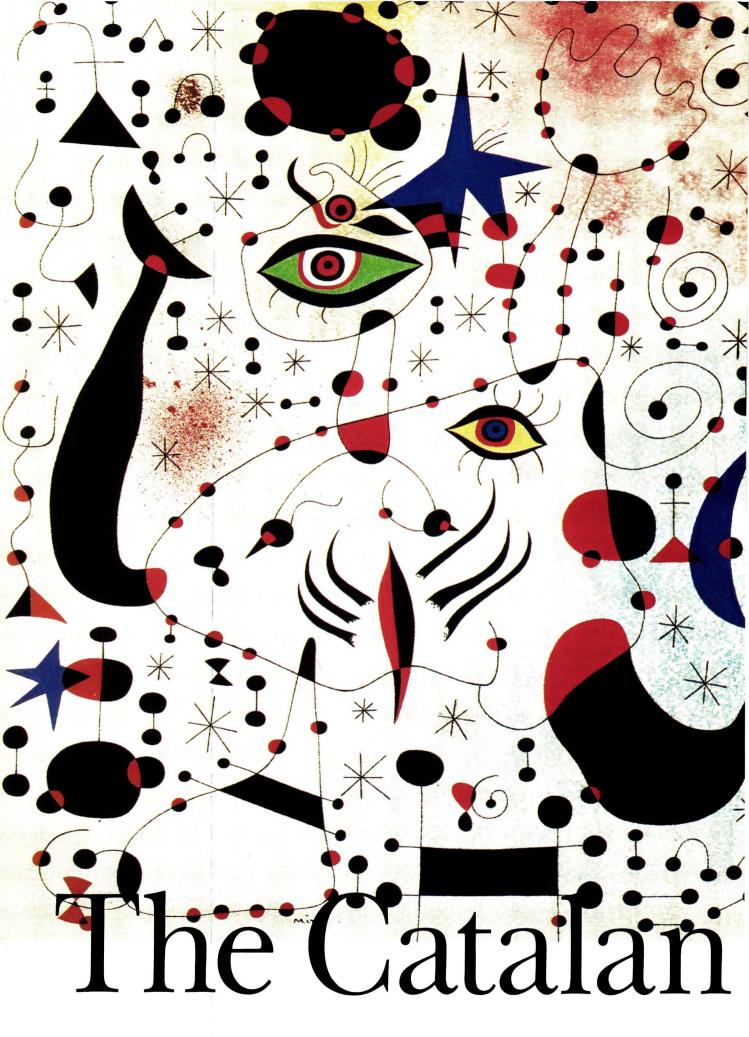
meadow for starters."

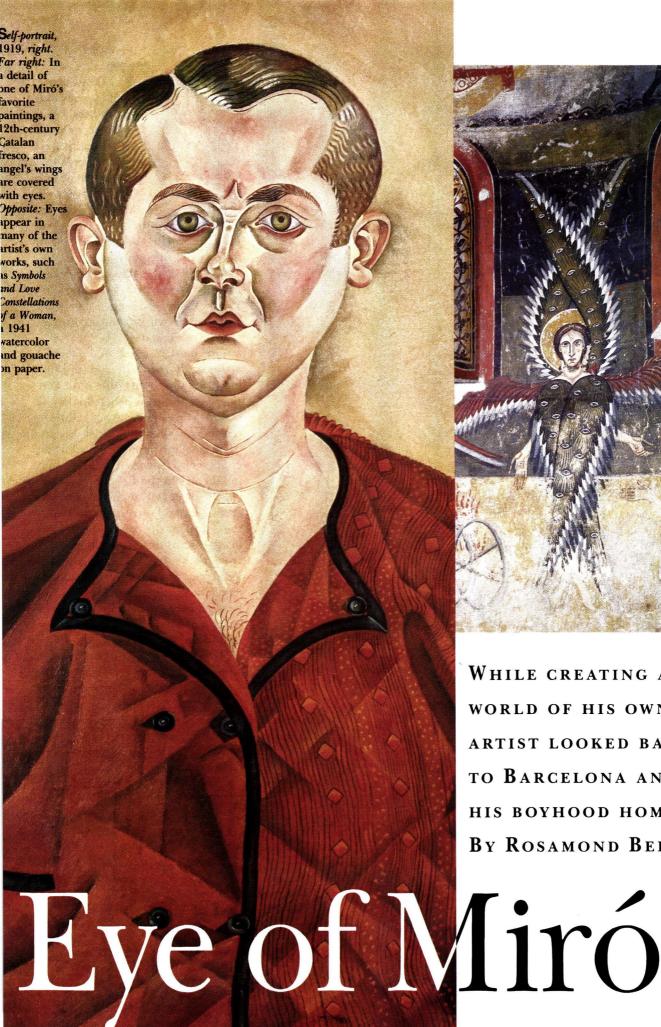
Bill Robinson discovered his "place to go and stop," a 1723 stone house in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, about seven years ago. It was, he remembers, "love at first sight."

"I'm amazed at how much nature soothes me," Robinson confides. In the summer, he sets up an alfrescoliving and dining room on the grass behind the garage. "It's a beautiful little room," he says, "shaded by weeping willows and carpeted by a thick lawn with patches of wild strawberries." The cozy country-gentleman interior of mixed-period antiques is a blend of local finds with things he has collected during his travels.

This is one sanctuary where work is strictly off limits. Muses Robinson, "It never occurred to me until I had this house to take a vacation and stay home."









WHILE CREATING A WORLD OF HIS OWN, THE ARTIST LOOKED BACK TO BARCELONA AND HIS BOYHOOD HOME BY ROSAMOND BERNIER



tory of farm life in microscopic detail. Although Miró was drawing on the same rich material in *The Tilled Field*, of 1923–24, imagination had already overtaken—even transformed—reality, and most of the immediately recognizable elements had been codified into his personal shorthand.

Miró had moved to Paris for part of every year and was in close contact with the surrealists, both artists and writers. He admired the use of poetic metaphors by his writer friendsand transformed what they did into a series of visual ideograms. In his art, as in their poems, conjunctions without precedent were made to seem the most natural thing in the world. In The Tilled Field a tree sprouts an eye and an enormous ear, a lizard pops up in a dunce's cap. Miró's dual allegiance to Catalonia and Paris is celebrated by the tricolor and Catalan flags on the left.

It was in 1954, when I was preparing material for my magazine, L'Oeil, that I got the idea of asking Miró—who often came to Paris for his graphic work—what I should show of his native city. Somewhat to my surprise, he offered to show me around himself, so I set off from Paris with Brassaï, the photographer, and joined Miró and his wife, Pilar, in Barcelona.

Barcelona is the capital of Catalonia, a region very distinct from the rest of Spain, with its own history, its own heroes, its own language, its own literature, its own dance—the sardana—handed down from the Greeks. I soon found out that Catalans are passionately patriotic about their region and its accomplishments. Their own culture became even more precious to them under repression. Under Franco even the Catalan language was banned. It is impossible to understand Miró without taking into account his almost religious veneration of his Catalan background.

We were to meet in Barcelona, where he still worked in an old building in the Pasaje del Crédito, just off the Ramblas in the Gothic section, where he was born. I had the address but I didn't know the apartment number. Miró was already a celebrated artist in France and America, and I presumed he was well known in his own country. However, there was no one in the little conical porter's lodge, so I went from floor to floor, knocking on doors and asking for "el pintor Miró." No one had heard of him.

When I finally found him, Miró wanted to show me right away the work of the visionary architect Antoni Gaudí. Gaudí was a pas-

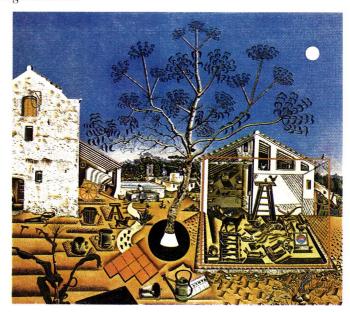
sion of his—the embodiment of Catalan genius in all its singularity and invention. He took me first not to the well-known Sagrada Familia church but to the park that he knew as a boy, which was commissioned by Gaudí's major patron, Count Güell. What Miró liked best about this park on the outskirts of the city was its total fantasy combined with precise calculation, technical ingeniousness combined with moments of pure improvisation. This could be a description of Miró's own way of going to work.

The park in question incorporates leaning columns of rough-textured

Rosamond Bernier and Miró in Barcelona, opposite left, photographed by Brassaï in 1954. The tilework is part of a bench, opposite right, in Gaudí's Güell Park. Above right: A red cap recalls regional dress in Head of a Catalan Peasant, 1925. Right: The Farm, 1921-22, a record of the painter's family homestead, was bought by Ernest Hemingway after Miró finished it in Paris.



To understand Miró
one must
take into account
his almost
religious veneration
of Catalonia



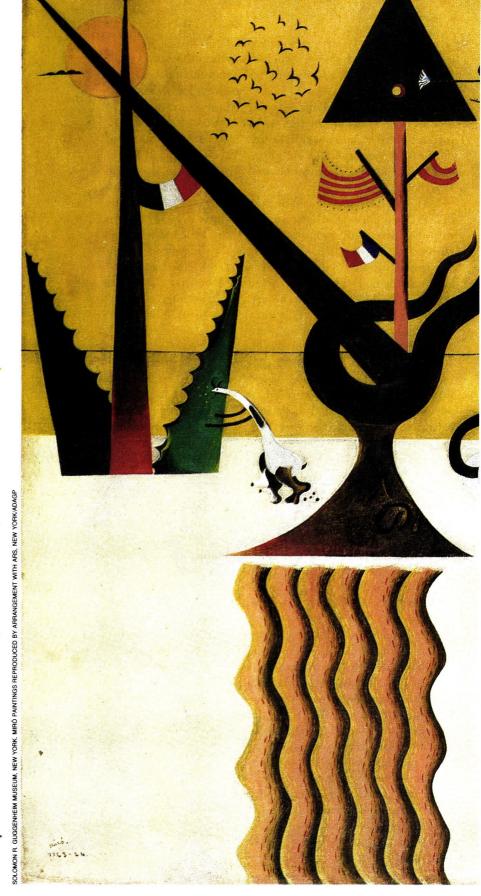
stone and has a large plaza bordered by a serpentine bench in colors that sing out in the Catalan sunshine. Gaudí bought up odd lots of broken ceramics—fragments, bits of teapots, plates, bathroom tiles, anything—and set the pieces into the wet concrete of the bench.

As I looked closely with Miró at the details, I would notice little faces, or motifs such as circles, which seemed to come right out of one of his own compositions. In fact, as I went around with him, I began to see through his eyes—everything turned into a Miró; even the round stopper of my bath with its two eyelike screws and lever of a nose became a typical Miró personage.

After leaving the park, we went tovisit a famous apartment building, designed by Gaudí before 1910, called the Casa Milà. It has an arresting façade, with undulating, chesty outlines, but Miró was even more delighted with the imposing figures, like medieval knights and spiraling lozenges, that function as chimneys and ventilators on the top of the building. We climbed up to the roof to see them. What touched Miró particularly was the fact that those astonishing sculptural forms are almost hidden and difficult to see from the street.

Then we trod what for Miró was hallowed ground—the Museum of Catalan Art, above the town on Montjuïc. In that museum, Catalan Romanesque frescoes—mostly from the twelfth century—had been brought together from small churches (many of them derelict) in the mountains. This was the art that meant the most to Miró, and over and over again it called forth a clicking of the tongue and an upward shake of the head in ecstatic approval. "These (Continued on page 197).

In The Tilled Field of 1923–24, an eye gazes from the foliage of a tree and an ear sprouts from the trunk, reflecting Miró's admiration for the surrealist art and poetry he encountered in Paris. Catalan flags and the French tricolor are emblems of his personal and artistic allegiance. The ox recalls beloved cave paintings at Lascaux and Altamira.



"The smallest thing in nature is an entir



world," Miró would say. "I find my themes in the fields and on the beach"



North Shore Manor

A Swedish-American family with four children and three dogs enjoys life on a Long Island farm. By Bob Felner

Photographs by Thibault Jeanson Produced by Deborah Webster





TWISTY DRIVEWAY OFF A BUSY leafy country road on the north shore of Long Island leads through a dark wall of pine and maple to Mayville Farm, a rambling white-shingled building linked by a trellis to a small red nineteenth-century schoolhouse. A Swedish flag flies over the lawn, dappled with shade from a large willow. The setting seems so serene-until I push through the gate and enter the covered passage leading to the back door. That's when I hear the dogs—a lowpitched baying, like seals barking for fish-followed by a clatter worthy of a locker room at a Big Ten school. Inside, a

trio of basset hounds charges the unwary visitor; instantly my socks and ankles are wet with basset kisses. Anna, the cook, is in the buttercup-yellow kitchen baking something sinful. Then there is a scrimmage of children and part-time Scandinavian nannies to deal with. Finally I reach the welcoming and remarkably calm adult confines of this lively lived-in house.

When the owners of the bustling establishment, a Swedish businessman and his American wife, first saw Mayville Farm sixteen years ago, they were still dating, and the 1757 house was home to a pair who might have been their mirror image: a Swedish woman and her American husband. The farm, complete with a former schoolhouse that had been moved from what is now a rhubarb patch and painted Swedish red, was just what the couple was looking for. There were only two complications: the young lady wasn't sure she wanted to marry, and the young man wasn't sure he could afford the house if she didn't. Into the balance came Essie, the housekeeper. Essie, it seems, wouldn't leave the house whoever bought it, and she told the young woman, "No more pushing a vacuum cleaner. I want to raise some kids."

Essie got her wish. After a courtship that entailed double-dating at a restaurant in Little Italy with his basset hound, Hubert, and his driver, Joey—at separate tables,

of course—the Wall Street trainee from Stockholm and the decorator from New York bought the house and married. Since then he has become a successful businessman in Sweden, she has opened a flourishing antiques shop in nearby Locust Valley, and they have added four children and several generations of dogs to their ménage.

Even the dogs should have dual citizenship. When photographer Bruce Weber used Barker, son of Hubert, in his pictures for Ralph Lauren's fall 1987 collection, one of the outtakes was dispatched to Barker's intended bride in Sweden. The result was a marriage between Barker and



Bridget, a union that produced Donatello. I'm told that King Erik of Sweden sent a miniature of himself to Queen Elizabeth I of England in an unsuccessful attempt to woo her. Barker, fortunately, fared better.

During my friends' first four years in the house, they made no major improvements. Since then they have added a tower (which later became their elder son's room) connecting the upstairs of the main house with the garage, replaced the old crumbling pool, and entrusted the garden and landscape planning to Nancy Taylor of

Innocenti & Webel. The furniture and decorating were the province of the wife, who has created a wonderfully personal blend of pieces from her husband's native Sweden with what she calls "rejects" from her own shop. The house reflects the couple's Anglo-Swedish taste, with lots of nineteenth-century English tables, chairs, and chests, and Swedish furniture, silver, and pottery along with kilims, nineteenth-century Russian carpets, nee-

The family's basset hounds. opposite, make themselves comfortable in front of the living room fireplace. Swedish candlesticks, Swiss bull and cow, and 19thcentury lacquer cachepots stand under a French bird painting. Below: The heart of Mayville Farm is a white-shingled house built in 1757. Above: A pair of 18th-century Danish portraits flank a late 19th century English bamboo commode and carved-wood lamp in the library.





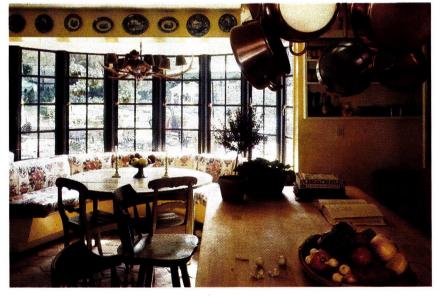
dlepoint pillows, small genre pictures of flowers and dead game birds hanging by their feet, portraits of Scandinavian worthies, lamps made from tea canisters, découpage urns, and a herd of decorative animals, printed, painted, and carved.

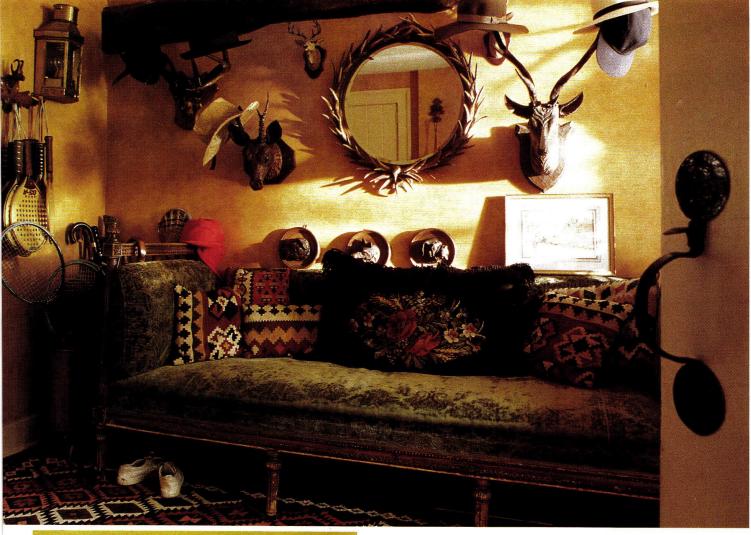
Guests who take a more formal route than I do and choose to enter through the front door find themselves standing on a kilim in a tiny mustard-colored hall where two carved stags' heads and an antler mirror hang above

a slightly overripe eighteenth-century Swedish daybed in its original moss green gaufré velvet. Almost every horn and hook on the wall bears witness to the family's talent for accumulating hats, caps, and sports gear.

Off to the right, a narrow passage with the seven-foot ceiling typical of an eighteenth-century cottage gives way to a double-height post-and-beam living room with twelve-foot-high mullioned windows that look out on the lawns and the pool. The oldest part of the house, it was originally a barn. The cool serenity and dazzling light of the room makes it a particularly restful place from which to witness the summer's athletic contests without being urged to participate. The library, on the other hand, with floral

The furniture is a congenial mix of pieces from the husband's native Sweden and from the wife's antiques shop







linen on the walls, generously padded old chairs, and light filtered through green and cream silk lampshades, is the perfect spot to pass a winter's afternoon.

In the dining room, the William IV mahogany extension table with carved dogs reclining on its legs is always opened to seat eight or ten, and fourteen leather-upholstered side chairs are scattered on the kilim. Occasionally the father's seven-foot-tall stuffed gorilla from F.A.O. Schwarz joins the family at the table for a glimpse of Anna's high-cholesterol specialties.

It is hard to imagine a more comfortable house. The last time I visited with a friend we found ourselves in an all-out water gun duel: two grown-ups against three kids, one nanny, and one Danish exchange student. My friend's pants were soaked, and mom couldn't understand why her kids were so wound up at suppertime. Mayville Farm is one of those special places—crazy enough to put the Marx Brothers at ease, and cozy enough to make a guest feel like a late-afternoon nap.

Eight or ten pairs of feet regularly crowd the mahogany dogs carved on the legs of the 19th-century English dining room table, opposite above. The silver candlesticks on the table are Swedish, as is the velvet-covered 18th-century daybed used as a settee in the front entrance hall, above. Opposite below: The American chandelier over the Swedish painted table and chairs in the kitchen combines antlers with a carving reminiscent of a ship's figurehead. The curved banquette is upholstered in Rose Cumming chintz. Left: In the kitchen, two Swedish majolica plates hang above an antique spoon rack.







Shozo Toyohisa's winged monitor, Primitive Androyd.

Thirty-nine solutions to the

perennially puzzling problem:

what to do with the TV?

By Charles Gandee

brings up an interesting design question: what to do with 186 million television sets? Because I was curious to know, I put in a call to 105 architects, artists, designers, and decorators. "What are you doing with television sets these days?" Their responses, not surprisingly, are as varied as their

If the people at Nielsen are correct—and who would

question the people at Nielsen?—there are 186 million televi-

sion sets operating in the United States. Which

rprisingly, are as varied as their individual talents and tastes ranging, as they do, from high

pedestal to pretend it doesn't exist. Not everyone, however, got into the prime-time spirit. One Chicago architect, for example, sent a rather explicit anatomi-

sent a rather explicit anatomical drawing, which effectively suggested putting the television set in a place I had not previously considered possible. Maybe he was thinking of late-

nite cable. Stay tuned.

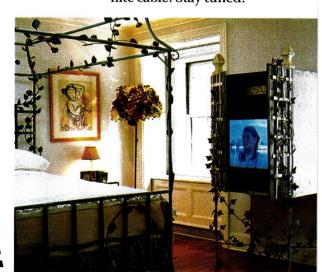


Contrary to appearances, Edward Scissorhands was not the inspiration for high-tech hotshots Henry Smith-Miller and Laurie Hawkinson, who adapted a professional photographer's movable light-track system for a decidedly downtown Manhattan apartment. Details see Resources.

An elegant variation on the tried-and-true TV-in-the-armoire theme is M Group's retrofitted reproduction Lalian baroque secretary from Dampierre & Co., NYC.



Clearly, M Group's Hermes Mallea and Carey Maloney thought a Fornasetti refrigerator would be a cool place to keep the TV.



For a client who wanted to "sleep in a garden," John Ryman designed an ivy-covered bed with a companion ivy-covered "potting shed" for the TV.





For two film producers whose idea of a good time is curling up with a video, Joe D'Urso transformed a corner of a town house living room into a viewing platform complete with pillow-strewn banquette.



Twenty-five years ago it would have been called a home entertainment unit. Now, however, architect R. Scott Bromley calls his state-of-the-art sound and video installation a "fireplace wall." Times change. And so, it seems, our notion of "hearth."

What could be more modern than the footboard incorporating magazine shelves and a pop-up TV that nothing-if-not-modern Arquitectonica designed for a house overlooking Lake Michigan?

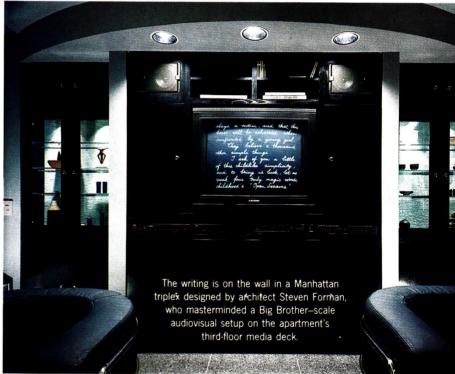


Television sets, it seems to me, resist all attempts to be concealed from view.
Like English bicycles, they do not allow any tampering"

PAUL RUDOLPH, ARCHITECT



Los Angeles decorator David James likes things vintage. So it made perfect sense for him to install contemporary components in a blond wood forties TV cabinet he found in an antiques shop.



"AS A RULE, WE DON'T CONCERN OURSELVES WITH CREATIVE IDEAS FOR



Wilma Flintstone might have chosen Alfred Gorig's cabinet from Modern Stone Age, NYC.



Designer Kurt G. Holsapple's TV "temple" recalls the glory that was Rome.



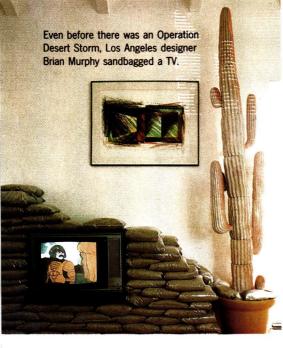


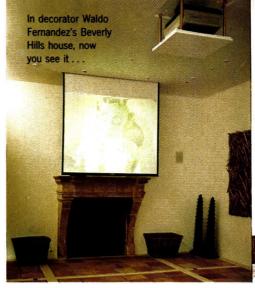
Arkitektura, NYC, proves that postmodernism can be polite.



Albert Hadley's mahogany TV cabinet for Luten Clarey Stern is nothing if not gentlemanly.









It may look as if Popsicle sticks were involved, but in fact, architect Frank Israel chose two-by-fours to assemble the did-it-myself TV cabinet in his Hollywood bungalow.



"AS I SEE IT, THERE ARE TWO CHOICES:

EITHER PUT IT BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

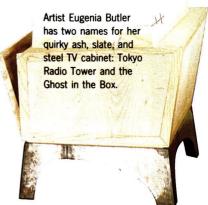
OR FIND A PRETTY ONE

AND HIDE THE CORD"

SAL LAROSA, ARCHITECT







Cheers executive producer James Burrows called on architect Charles Lagreco and decorator Sid Shier to design a media room complete with his and hers Le Corbusier chaises.



TELEVISION SETS. HEY, IT'S THE '90S AND A TV IS A TV" ROBERT CURRIE, DESIGNER

Designer Dakota Jackson uses erry, bronze, parchment, and marble for his TV cabinet extraordinaire.

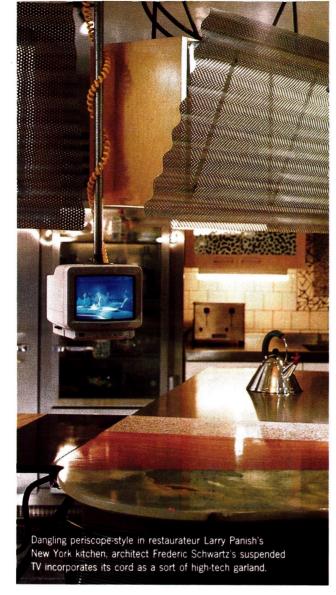




The artists and architects at SITE Projects produced this "TV living room" scheme for—who else?—MTV.



To some, artist Phil Garner's answer to the what-to-do-with-the-TV question is the best.

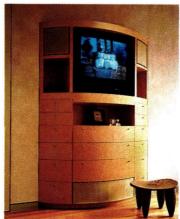


"WHO NEEDS TELEVISION WHEN YOU HAVE ARCHITECTURE?"

ROBERT A. M. STERN, ARCHITECT



Sister architects Gisue and Mojgan Hariri devised an under-the-kitchen-counter TV cabinet that makes the view toward the kitchen even more enticing.



A bowed bird's-eye maple cabinet by architect Ming Wu combines TV, clothing, and audio storage in one.



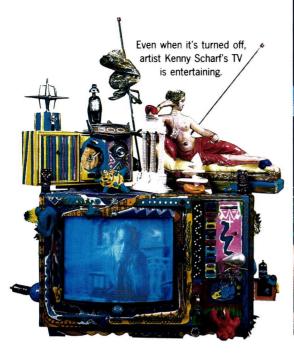
You can watch *Flash Gordon, Barbarella, 2001: A Space Odyssey,* and *Star Wars*—all at once—on the four-screen TV in the master bedroom of a futuristic Chicago penthouse by architects Ron Krueck, Keith Olsen, and Mark Sexton.



Three white-birch storage cabinets anchor the living room wall of a Central Park West apartment by architect Alison Spear. The center cabinet opens to reveal a TV on a tray.

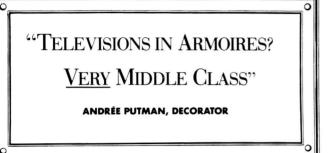
Los Angeles designer Thomas Callaway embedded actor Peter Horton's TV in a thick wall. Then he covered it with rough-hewn antique doors in the Spanish colonial style Horton prefers.

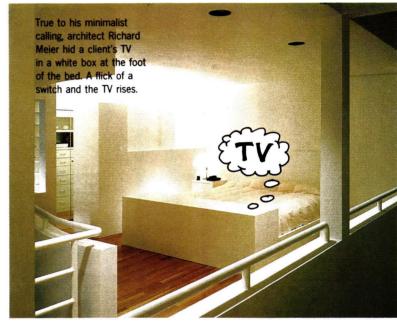






For a greenhouse dining alcove on Manhattan's West Side, designer Clodagh made sure there would never be a lull in the conversation.







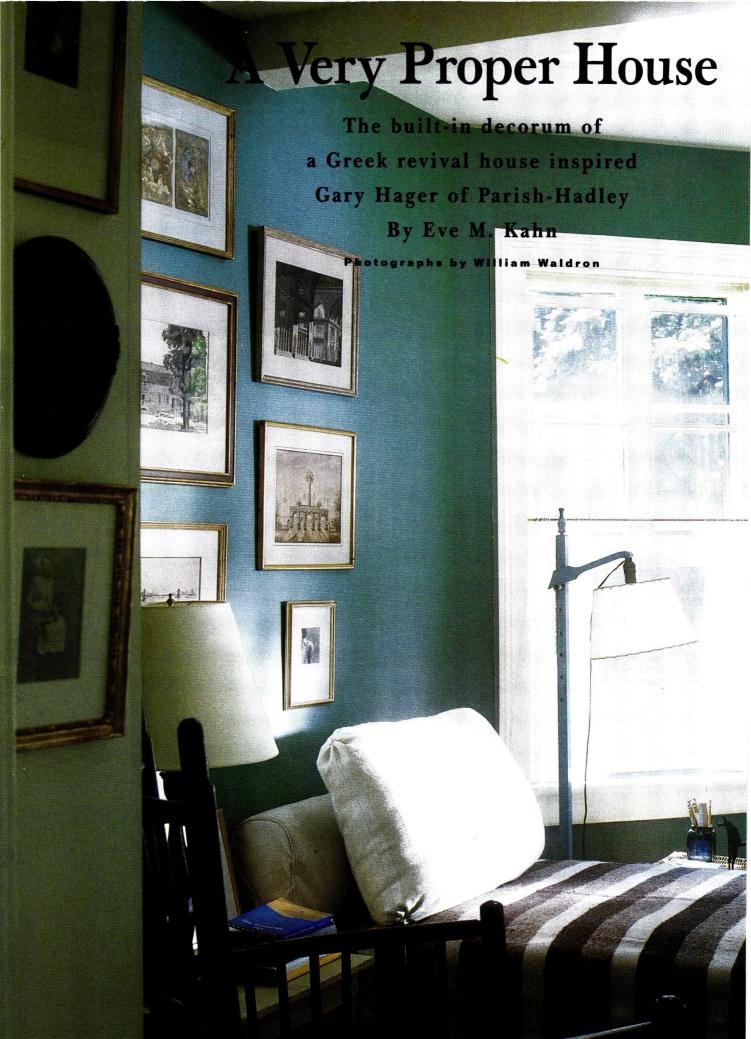
No screen is required with the projection TV system that features a frame devised by architect Shirley Chang. The white wall above the mantel does quite nicely.

In a Manhattan high rise, architect R. Scott Bromley installed a swiveling wall-mounted armature to make sure that the TV was visible from any point in the master bedroom.



"My answer to the television set question is bury it! If you bury it in the backyard, turn the volume all the way up before shoveling in the topsoil"

STEVEN HOLL, ARCHITECT



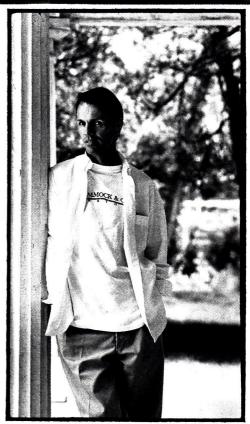




ARY HAGER'S HOUSE ON THE eastern end of Long Island has been well loved since it was built in the 1840s but never so well loved as it is now. From the new cedar roof to the root cellar-turned-basement workshop, every inch of the building, where he spends weekends year-round, has been reconsidered, refined, and pampered.

In summer the white linen curtains billow with breezes, in winter the many fireplaces crackle briskly, and in all seasons the setting soothes. A vice president at Parish-Hadley and a veteran designer of houses and apartments for Brooke Astor and Katharine Graham, Hager knew how to arrange his collections—poetic early twentieth century plaster models of hands, Adirondack benttwig plant stands, WPA-era paintings-without leaving any visible signs of effort. "Decorating shouldn't be so studied or serious in the country," he says. "People should let accidents happen."

Hager found his house, in fact, by accident: three years ago he stayed at a friend's place nearby, returned two weeks later for a just-for-fun tour with a real estate agent, and bought it on the spot. The modest Greek revival dwelling was built for a gentleman



Gary Hager, above, relaxes on the front porch of his Greek revival house, top, built for a gentleman farmer in the 1840s. Left: A bay window added to the west side of the house in the late 19th century accommodates Hager's library, where walls in a Brunschwig paper surround an upholstered daybed. Details see Resources.



"Decorating shouldn't be so studied in the country. People should let accidents happen"



farmer who kept up with the trends of his time by insisting on a mahogany stair rail, narrow floorboards downstairs (but less sophisticated wide ones upstairs), and, on all the windows, enlarged central mullions to make them look like French doors. "Such affectation," Hager says, running an affectionate finger down a mullion. "It has always been a very proper house."

In the 1870s the owners added an unobtrusive three-sided bay window to the west side of the building, creating what is now the library. Fifty years later an upstairs bedroom was transformed into a smart white-tiled bath complete with a neoclassical pedestal sink, which the neighbors surely envied. When Hager arrived, the lack of a full basement threatened the house's life span with rot and the sagging porch looked sad, but nothing had occurred that a bat-



tery of masons, plumbers, roofers, carpenters, and electricians could not undo. The upstairs floors had never even been stained or painted.

Hager did much of the slaving himself. He laughs at his own obsessiveness as he explains how he planted the front privet hedge—in the pouring rain, wearing a plastic bag on his head, he dug forty-two holes—and he scratches his arms at the memory of lining the attic with fiber-shedding insulation on a ninety-

A sofa of Hager's own design and a Parish-Hadley coffee table join a mix of antiques in the living room, opposite above, formed from two cramped adjoining parlors—hence the dual fireplaces, opposite below. Above: Hager removed the ceiling and refashioned what had been a "dark sixties-style kitchen." Right: In the dining room, papered in a Brunschwig diamond pattern, Scottish arts and crafts chairs cluster around an Eastlake-style table.





In Hager's hands, every inch of the house has been reconsidered, refined, and pampered

degree day. Hager also enlisted his family's help—his father restored the exterior dentil trim and built a workshop table and cabinets. And Hager himself poured still more labor into politely altering the floor plan, treating it as respectfully as his predecessors did. The conversion of a tiny upstairs bedroom into a guest bath was one of his toughest decisions. He added plumbing "with great reluctance," he says, prompted by the desire "to not have to wait in line during summer mornings."

Downstairs, he took down a wall between two cramped parlors, each with a fireplace, and expanded the chimneys to accommodate generous fires. He moved a door so that the library opens onto the living room rather than the dining room—"that way, when I'm in the library and a fire's going, I won't miss anything." He completely overhauled the kitchen, removing its ceiling to add airiness, but also took care to line its walls with wainscoting that matches the sides of an upstairs closet and to cover the floor with "old-fashioned ugly marbleized linoleum that fits in and won't show the dirt."

His furniture makes a more dramatic statement and previous owners wouldn't recognize most of it. Hager decided not to focus on a single style—"It's more amusing to mix things up. I like all periods"—and he has never emptied his wallet in pursuit of a purchase. "I've bought so many things for literally nothing," he says. "It's a matter of seeing." The son of upstate New York antiques dealers, he has been finding bargains ever since he bought a circa 1780 English floral saucer for fifty cents at a tag sale at age ten. The frosted glass nymph candlesticks on the living room mantels turned up at a Paris flea market, and the dining table came out of the garage of the house-Hager's mother refinished it, and Hager gave it glamour by surrounding it with Scottish arts and crafts chairs purchased at a local antiques shop.

The bargains mingle and sometimes coincide with pieces of great

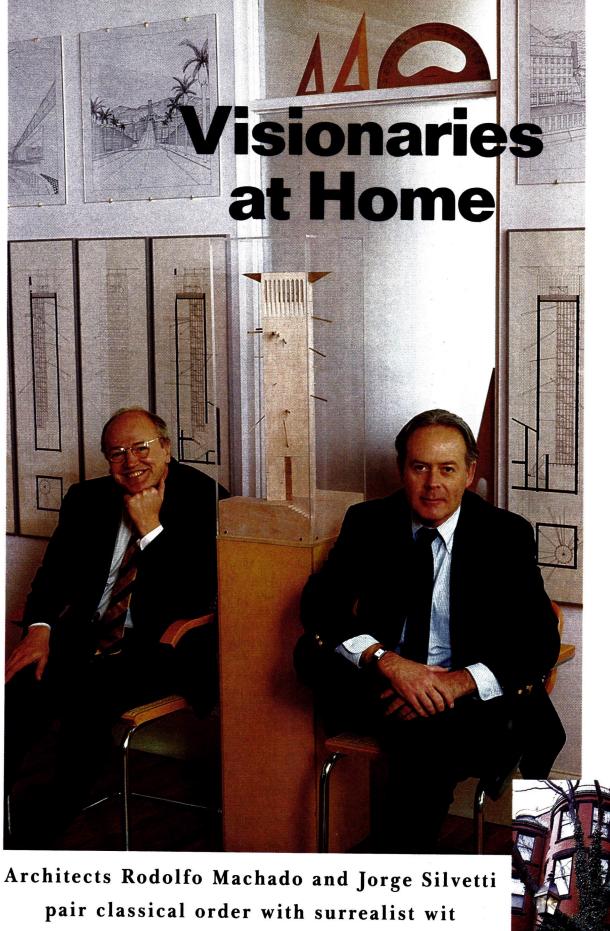


sentimental value. The Eastlake-style chairs in the living room were free (they came from a friend's basement); the two-legged sink in the guest bath originally stood in an Upper East Side apartment that Parish-Hadley renovated; and Hager has further reminded himself of his successful career by hanging Parish-Hadley sketches throughout the house. Although he says he's "not a chintz person," he has filled the guest bedroom with a chintz-covered suite he (Continued on page 198)

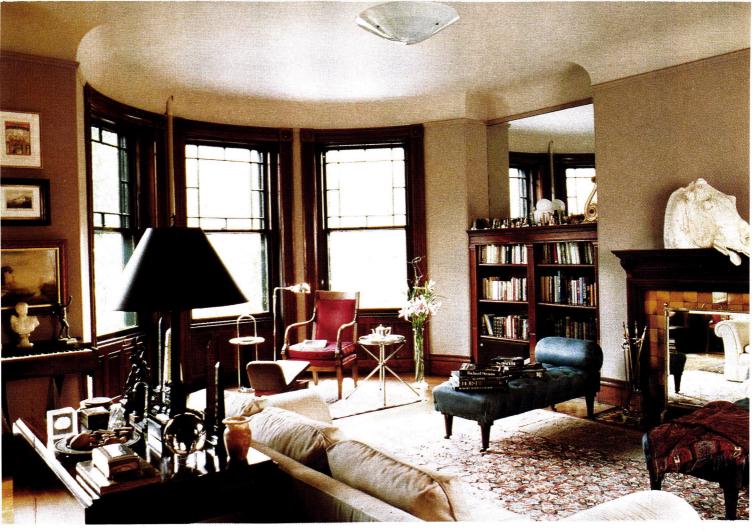
Daniel Celentano's 1940s tableau of young boys gambling hangs over a rare Canadian settee, c. 1840, covered in ticking, opposite. Above: Hager furnished a guest bedroom with pieces he inherited from his friend Nancy Reid, a classical singer turned decorator who loved chintz. Right: The newly created guest bathroom features a calfskin bath mat, an Austrian side chair, c. 1820, and a group of late 19th century American iron banks.







By Edmund White Photographs by William Waldron



house, it must be as much a moment of anguish as when a male designer of women's fashions chooses his own clothes. Some couturiers settle for a logo (Claude Montana's motorcycle jacket, Azzedine Alaïa's black Chinese pajamas), while others, such as Christian Lacroix, assume a more conservative suited look—all clever ways to avoid the problem.

For the Argentine-born Boston architects Rodolfo Machado and Jorge Silvetti, the pressure to come up with a definitive statement must have been particularly excruciating. Both are Harvard professors—Machado used to be head of the prestigious architecture department at the Rhode Island School of Design—and are known



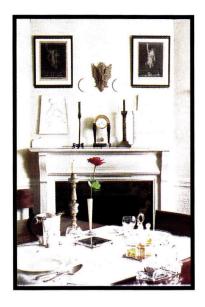
worldwide as theorists. Last year the Japanese magazine Architecture and Urbanism and the Spanish periodical Composición Arquitectónica—Art & Architecture devoted special features to their work, and Genoa chose them to redesign Piazza Dante, the plaza next to Christopher Columbus's house, for the five hundredth anniversary of his arrival in America. The latest honor to come their way is the first Academy-Institute Award in Architecture from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, which they received on May 15 for their vision of a "meaningful architecture of the public realm."

This vision is finally being realized. A remarkable parking garage on the campus of Princeton University will be completed this fall, and construction will begin in Seaside, Florida, on an arcaded building that will combine shops, offices, and duplex apartments. But until recently few of Machado and Silvetti's designs had been constructed—all the more reason that their Back Bay house has attracted such curiosity.

In the living room, above, a plaster cast of a horse's head from the Parthenon looms over a pair of Boston daybeds, c. 1830, while in the hall, left, a cast of the Laocoön torso plays off against 19th-century garden furniture. Opposite below: French chairs accompany an American Empire table in the library. Opposite top, from left: In the hall, a French art deco bronze stands on the mantel; a Machado and Silvetti drawing hangs over the iron garden chair. In a bedroom, Sicilian ex-votos are grouped under an Italian watercolor. On the dining room mantel is a Napoleonic clock, c. 1910. Details see Resources.

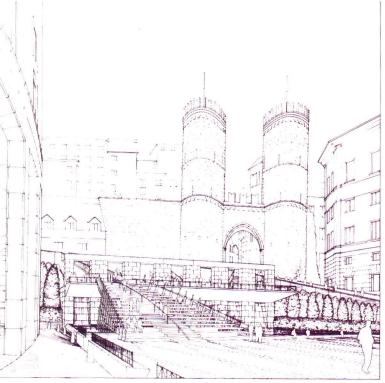






"Almost everything is a memento from our travels,"
Machado says. "Wherever I go, I always
schedule an extra day to go to the flea markets."





Although Machado and Silvetti avoid the neoclassical label (just as they resist all current architectural fads), their taste is sober, and they aspire toward work that is clearly organized and elegantly conceived. Their house was built in the Victorian period, which means that the spaces inside are large but carelessly proportioned. To correct their predecessors' oversight, they extended the curve of the bay window in Silvetti's bedroom so that the niches on either side of the fireplace would be of the same width and they slightly reworked the layout of the upstairs music room. They created from scratch both the library and the bathroom between their bedrooms with its twin sinks and matching mirrors, its black marble and white tiles, the bit of classical frieze on the wall, and the old garden chair under it.

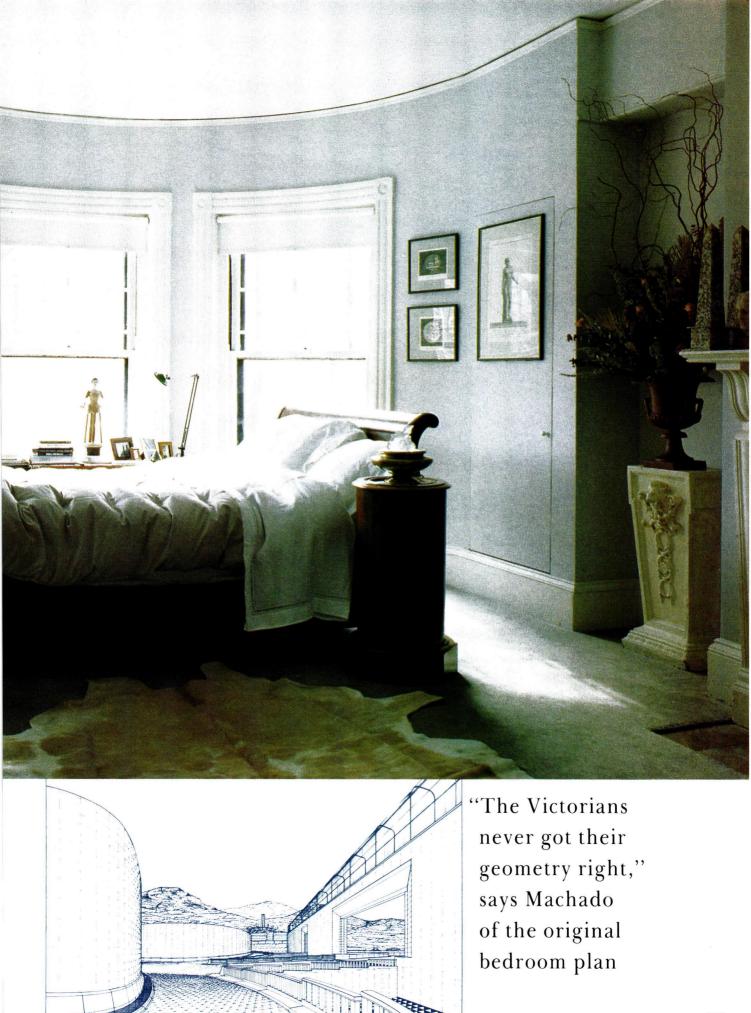
Souvenirs of trips are everywhere—casts bought at a museum shop in Athens, a lamp put together from two art deco globes found in Pittsburgh, a hallway clock picked up in Lugano, Switzerland, and a drawing of a male nude, by a student of John Flaxman, that turned up in Lafayette, Louisiana. Here and there are pieces of furniture—a side table designed for the Harvard faculty club, for instance—that lend a studied simplicity to the eclectic decor.

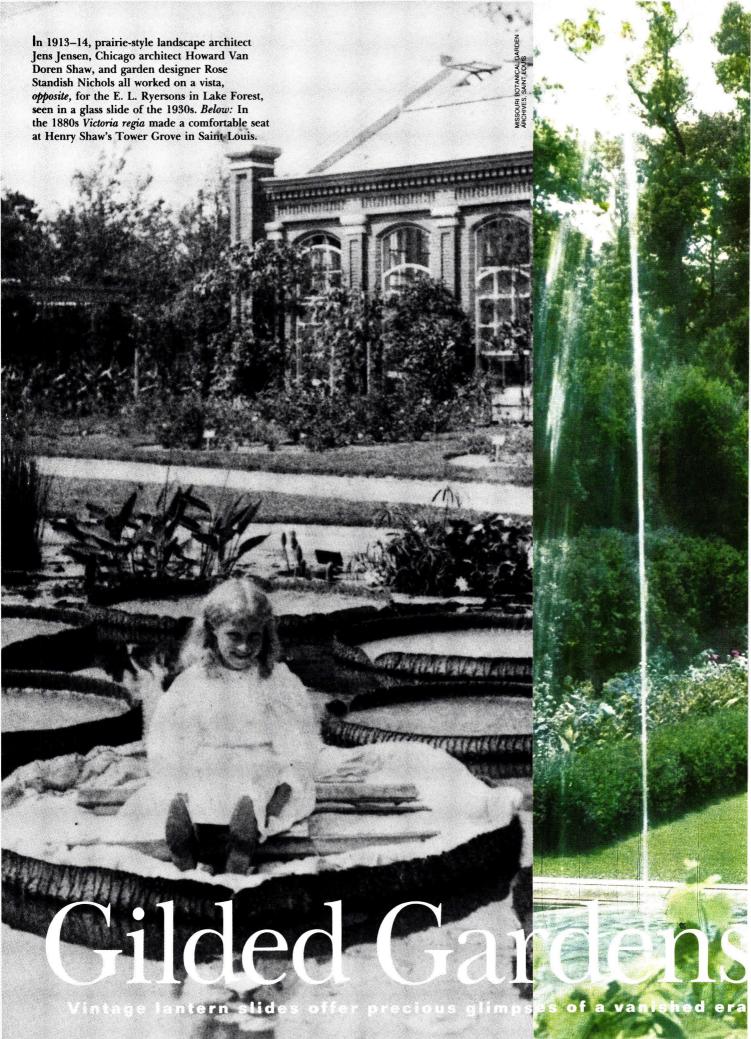
"We like the coexistence of different things in a room," Machado tells me, "and almost everything is a memento from our travels. I've lectured everywhere in this country, and wherever I go, I always schedule an extra day to go to the flea markets. The best ones are in Maine."

Although both Silvetti and Machado were born in Buenos Aires in 1942 and educated at the University of California at Berkeley and have chosen to practice in the United States, they are full of enthusiasm for the public works programs of some European cities. "Look at what is going on in Paris!" Machado exclaims. "And Barcelona is a miracle. One wishes that there were similar efforts here, where bridges and (Continued on page 194)

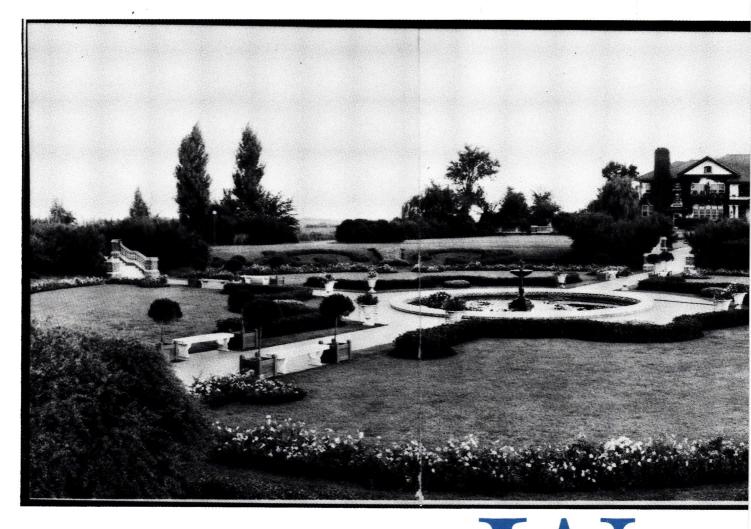


Correcting the curve of the bay, above, created the perfect space for the fine sleigh bed from Providence, Rhode Island. Opposite below: Machado and Silvetti's plan for an intersection in Palermo evokes an old city gate. Above left: Their scheme for the Piazza Dante in Genoa will reintegrate medieval remnants of the city.











HO WOULD have thought that vast estates-estates of thousands of acres with every stylistic variation on the garden-were no oddity in the Midwest during the country place era between 1890 and 1940? One look at some 1,400 glass lantern slides housed in the Smithsonian Institution changes stereotyped East Coast/ West Coast geography forever. The roll call of garden owners resounds with names from America's industrial peerage such as Armour, McCormick, Ford, and Lilly and with other names no longer so familiar: Henry Shaw, whose Tower Grove in Saint Louis is now the Missouri Botanical Garden, or Carl Krippendorf, whose successful effort to save a native beech grove from the ax is now the 800-acre Cincinnati Nature Center. Not that private environmental action was most tycoons' main objective—these gardens were mainly

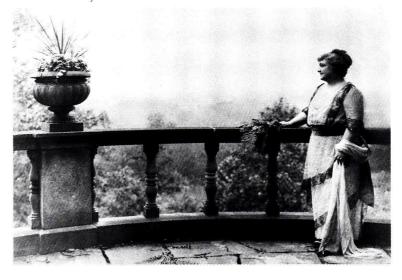


rendezvous for certain kinds of stately amusement: Lolita Armour's idea of a picnic was "to set up a board with a damask table-cloth on the tapis vert fifty yards from her front door and be served on the second-best Meissen by the butler and the footman," according to Arthur Meeker, the Gilded Midwest's chatty, irreverent chronicler. At Harold and Edith Rockefeller McCormick's residence, the opening party was a fête champêtre at which Chicago's gratin turned up in white wigs and eighteenth-century dress. The breeze turned into a gale from the lake and the guests fled to the McCormicks' neighbors for hot toddies. Illinois, Ohio, and Michigan were the big three states where commodities and industry exploded into fortunes big enough to support hundreds of country houses and suburban estates. In Wisconsin and Minnesota, there was a sudden rush of summer places on the lakes. In Missouri, Indiana, and Kansas, as elsewhere in the country, an exodus from the city took place, fueled as much by the country house mystique

as by the increasing ugliness of the city centers.

Today these opulent country places are gone and lantern slides are an extinct species as well. The industrial barons began their precipitate retreat into less conspicuous consumerism during the Depression; the gardens themselves disappeared when professional gardeners went off to World War II and never returned to estate life. Glass slides, which were thrown up on a wall or screen with a cumbersome projector now seen only in the curatorial de-

A black and white panorama, above, shows off lumberman Robert Long's garden in Kansas City, Missouri, designed c. 1912 by the landscape architects who laid out most of the Southwest, Hare & Hare. Below: Gertrude Seiberling strikes a pose on the west terrace of Stan Hywet in Akron, Ohio, designed by Warren Manning in 1911 to overlook miles of farmland. Opposite below: In a lantern slide a spring walk runs beneath a rustic pergola at Aldingbourne Cottage in Lake Forest, designed by Jensen in 1908.

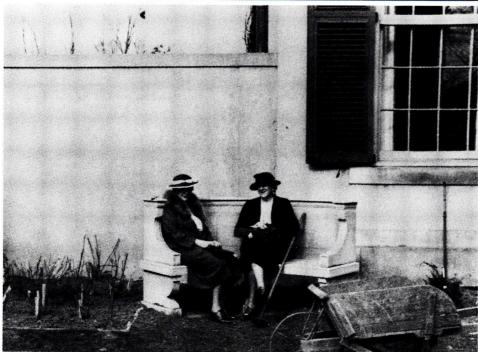






Finding
hardy plants
to duplicate
European
'looks'
was midwesterners'
first hurdle



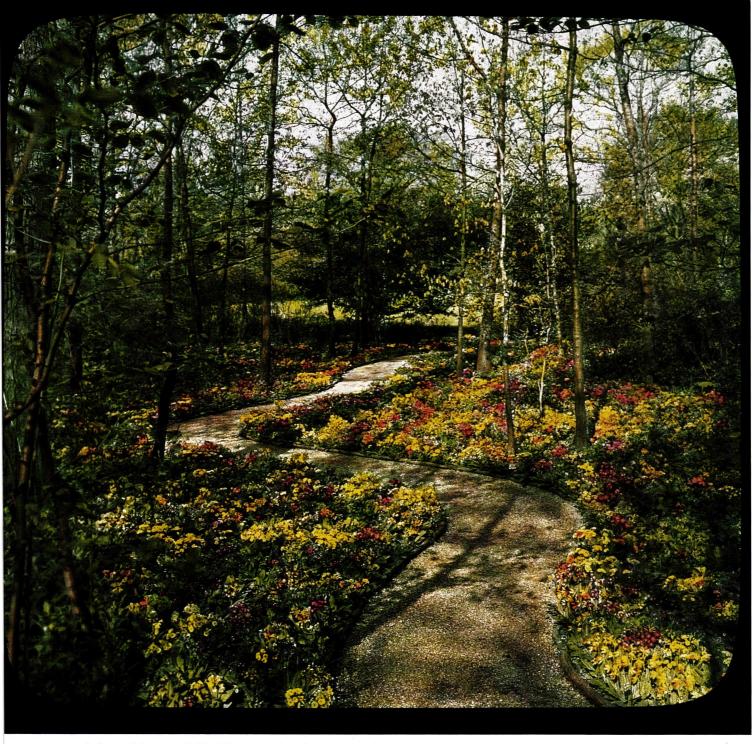


partments of older art museums, were replaced in the forties by the 35-millimeter slide. The art museum context is right for these strange artifacts, which are often works of art themselves, the creation of photographers such as Mattie Edwards Hewitt, Frances Benjamin Johnston, and Margaret Bourke-White. Like little glass sandwiches, the slides hold between their fragile three-by-fourinch plates a layer of film emulsion hand-painted with fugitive dyes. Their edges are bound together with sticky old tape covered with identification marks: gold stars for the finest pictures, tiny ovals with unreadable names in authoritative finishingschool handwriting, urgent instructions as to which side is up, and numbering that indicates a long-forgotten viewing order.

The collection in the Smithsonian was originally commissioned in the twenties by the Garden Club of America primarily as a record of its members' gardens and for what they called "educational purposes," which usually meant slide shows at lunch and teatime meetings of club divisions across the country. Forgotten for forty years in various attics and desk drawers, the slides have been reassembled and identified: more than one hundred will appear in print next month in The Golden Age of American Gardens: Proud Owners, Private Estates, 1890-1940, published by Harry N. Abrams.

Making grand gardens in the Midwest was not easy, even given the startling amounts of money, enthusi-

A copy of Thorvaldsen's Three Graces, top left, at pharmaceutical manufacturer J. K. Lilly's Oldfields in Indianapolis. Olmsted Brothers of Boston laid out the garden in the 1920s. Top right: The Lester Armours' elm-lined drive in Lake Bluff ran to a house designed by David Adler in 1931. Above left: Mrs. Walter Brewster laid out her own pond and garden in the 1920s on the Illinois prairie around her Howard Van Doren Shaw house. Left: Mrs. Russell Alger and garden designer Ellen Shipman in Grosse Pointe, outside a Charles Platt villa built in 1910. Opposite: Mrs. Clyde Carr's primrose path in Lake Forest was designed by Warren Manning in 1916.



asm, and cheap labor available. The climate features abrupt changes in temperature, fierce searing winds both hot and cold, and a long summer when ninety-degree heat and both drought and humidity are the norm. (Along the shores of the Great Lakes the climate was a little more equable, thanks to the tempering effect of the water.) Finding hardy plants to duplicate the green architecture of fashionable eclectic Italian or English estate garden "looks" was the first hurdle. To the narrow range of dwarf barberry for boxwood, red

cedar for cypress, landscape architects soon added native trees and shrubs—hawthorns, viburnums, and species roses. Of course, there were enough gardeners to cram the perennial beds with annuals started in hothouse and cold frame, so a delphinium-spired English border filled in with lavatera, godetia, heliotrope, and mignonette was a real possibility. But many estate garden owners fled the Midwest in the summer, heading for cooler watering spots such as Bar Harbor or even Europe. In 1914 one "experienced am-

ateur gardener" said, "The greatest trouble with the summer garden is the extreme heat and dryness....The earth can be kept moist around the plants, but many things wither in the dry air. With the greatest care a garden of annuals might be kept looking fairly well through July and August, but I am glad to get away from mine in early July."

Lake Forest, Grosse Pointe, Lake Minnetonka, and other residential or resort enclaves were not just playgrounds for the rich, however. They were also (Continued on page 198)



Maidstone Hall

A country house recovers its lost grandeur with the help of designer Michael La Rocca. By Sherrye Henry



The owner walked into the house, looked through the roof, and said, "Where is it? What did I buy?"



Place in heaven reserved for those dedicated souls who save fine old houses from destruction. If so, one day the owner of Maidstone Hall may be among the angels.

"I fell in love," says the master of Maidstone Hall, remembering his first glimpse of the stately white house. Originally the centerpiece of a seventy-five-acre estate that stretched to the ocean, it is a landmark in a classic Long Island resort, having marked the turn on the road to the beach for nearly 125 years.

When he bought the property in 1988, the forty-three-year-old executive of the country's largest retail packaging firm recalls, "I saw a house that looked like I could move into it," although it was clearly due for a face-lift. He had surveyed the 1950s lighting fixtures and black leather sofas in the formal public rooms, checked out the tangled garden, and consulted a structural engineer. His homework done, he was optimistic about restoring Maidstone Hall to its former grandeur.

He was standing in a pasture in Georgia, cellular phone in hand, when his contractor gave him the bad news: the building had sunk several inches over the years and was continuing to sink, damaging the foundation and deflecting the bracing. The house was literally falling apart from the inside; it would have to be jacked up and gutted, all the way to the rafters. "There I was with the sheep and the cows, saying, 'Do I have a choice?' " the owner remembers. "'No? How much? Oh, my God—then do it.'"

"It could have been a nightmare," says Michael La Rocca, the interior designer who reconfigured the twenty-seven-room, fifteen-bedroom mansion into an elegant weekend house with eight bedrooms, a media room, a gymnasium, and an office. "But the owner was cool about what happened and chose to do it the right way. He didn't cut corners."

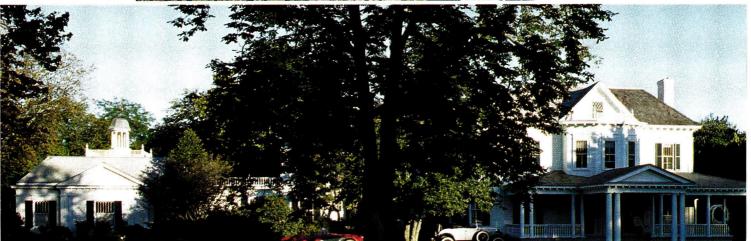
Now, after sixteen months of reconstruction, everything about the house is new except its skeleton and

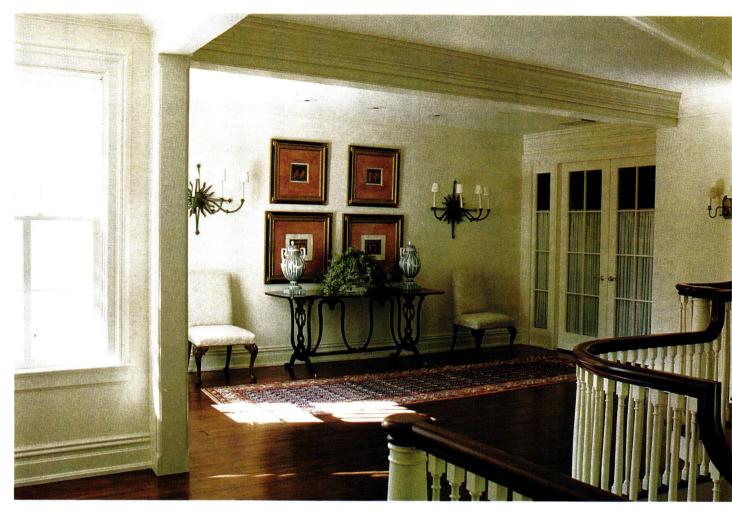






An Elizabeth Taylor cutout surveys the kitchen, above, with its 1920s-style stenciled floor. Left: The dining room carpet from Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges echoes the vine-patterned curtain fabric from Clarence House. Opposite: An English Regency table stands near the glass doors to the master bedroom. Below: The new garage houses antique cars.





its heart. The walls, the moldings, the floors, the ceilings, the wiring, the plumbing and heating systems, and all eighty-six windows were replaced. Aluminum shutters and siding were removed, and five layers of shingles came off the roof. The kitchen and the bathrooms were totally refitted. The imposing staircase, one of the few elements of the original house that could be saved, was stripped and refinished, as were surviving mantels in the living and dining rooms. Outside, the driveway was extended and cobbled in Belgian stone, and a six-car garage complete with cupola and weathervane was built to house the owner's collection of antique cars.

To this day La Rocca marvels at his client's good humor. "I have this one funny memory of him," the designer says, "walking into the house, looking through the roof, and saying, 'Where is it? What did I buy?' You could see straight through the exteri-

Sixteen months of reconstruction made the old mansion young again

or walls and on into the gardens."

While demolition and reconstruction proceeded, the owner selected La Rocca to do the interiors. "There is not one thing in Michael La Rocca's house that I wouldn't put in my own," he says. For his part, La Rocca admits to interviewing prospective clients while they think they are interviewing him. "I try to be sure the clients and I are on the same wavelength," he explains. "You have to connect with people."

In this case, the connection was a good one. A grandson of Billy Baldwin's first private clients, the owner had been brought up in tasteful surroundings. And he was not shy about speaking his mind. "There wasn't one thing I didn't see—every fabric, every fringe, every lampshade," he says, still relishing the experience. "But Michael and Keith Palazzola put it together."

La Rocca gives much of the credit to his young associate, Palazzola, who spent a year and a half shopping for the house. Palazzola found an eighteenth-century ebonized Dutch cabinet in Manhattan, a nineteenth-century chandelier in Rome, and a fine Regency table in New Orleans. When physically possible, the owner oversaw all major acquisitions in person; otherwise he relied on photographs, sketches, and advice from his decorators.

Gradually curtains and sofas arrived from the upholsterers, lanterns and chandeliers emerged from customs, and carpets were delivered by dealers. Everything went into storage in New York, eventually fill-

ing an entire floor of a huge city building. By April 1990, when three enormous moving vans and several upholsterers' trucks set out for the house, nearly everything needed to furnish it was on board. Workmen with razor blades removed cords and bubble wrap. Each piece was tagged with a number that told the movers exactly where it should be placed. In just two days the job was done.

Today Maidstone Hall is back in service—but with a very contemporary point of view. Speakers pipe music through the ceilings. Invisible gutters lead rainwater into dry wells. Air conditioning units are suspended in harnesses inside closets, lined with rubber to minimize vibration. The owner can fill his double Jacuzzi bathtub by commands from an automobile. The old is young again.

On weekends the house is full of people. There are formal dinners for twelve and elaborate parties for a hundred or more, many of them fund-raisers for the American Foundation for AIDS Research, of which the owner is a founding board member. When he's in the right mood, he takes to the dance floor with a lifesize cardboard figure of AmFAR founding national chairman Elizabeth Taylor. And on sunny summer afternoons, friends clad in white from head to toe enjoy croquet parties on the huge front lawn. "They stop traffic," the owner says happily.

Would he have gone ahead if he had known at the outset how much the renovation—or, more precisely, the re-creation—of the house would cost? "Probably not," he confesses. "But that would have been a mistake." Maidstone Hall, he says, is "priceless."

Editor: Carolyn Sollis

Designer Michael La Rocca created a new master bedroom by combining two of the original fifteen bedrooms. The spacious room accommodates a canopy bed, a Georgian linen press, a pair of 1920s metal benches, and a round table skirted in Bailey & Griffin fabric. The floral bedhangings and upholstery are from Rose Cumming, the curtain fabric and wallpaper from Clarence House, and the carpet from Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges.



"There wasn't one thing I didn't see,



ays the owner, "every fabric, every fringe, every lampshade"



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Resources

DESIGN

Page 60 Otis lounge chair and ottoman, to order from Godley-Schwan, Brooklyn (718) 383-2323. Genesio 7810 chest, similar to the trade to order from Zanotta, Nova Milanese (362) 40453. My Funvalentine chair, to order from Ligne Roset, for stores (212) 685-2238. Checkers cabinet, to order from Godley-Schwan (see above). Mimì chair, to the trade at Baleri Italia, Làllio (35) 692690.

FOOD

Page 66 Napoleonic Ivy plate, cup, saucer, sugar bowl, at Wedgwood, for stores (800) 677-7860. Victorian electroplate silver, similar at James II Galleries, NYC (212) 355-7040. Felt-on-felt tablecloth, at Dampierre & Co., NYC (212) 966-5474. 66, 68, 70 For heirloom apple trees: Bear Creek Nursery, Box 411, Northport, WA 99157 catalogue \$1. Miller Nursery, West Lake Rd., Canandaigua, NY 14424; (800) 836-9630 catalogue free. New York State Fruit Testing Cooperative Assoc., Box 462, Geneva, NY 14456; (315) 787-2205 to members only (membership \$10/yr). Sonoma Antique Apple Nursery, 4395 Westside Rd., Healdsburg, CA 95448; (707) 433-6420 catalogue \$1. Southmeadow Fruit Gardens, 15310 Red Arrow Hwy., Lakeside, MI 49116; (616) 469-2865 catalogue \$8.50, price list free. For The Fruit, Berry, and Nut Inventory (248 nursery mail-order catalogues), order from Seed Savers Exchange, Rte. 3 Box 239, Decorah, IA 52101, (319) 382-5990, \$26, \$19 pbk.

WORKROOM

Page 94 Ruffner's work, at Fay Gold Gallery, Atlanta; Betsy Rosenfield Gallery, Chicago; Heller Gallery, NYC; Linda Farris Gallery, Seattle; Maurine Littleton Gallery, Washington, D.C.

DECORATION

Page 98 Corniche, Venezia, Niosh, Half Tone, Romba, patterns on cotton, linen, or silk, or custom colors and patterns, by Arena Fabrics, to the trade at Bush & Co., Atlanta; David Sutherland, Dallas, Houston; Design West, Dania; Brustlin, Los Angeles, San Francisco; Randolph & Hein, NYC.

PEOPLE

Pages 108, 110 Jonal, 25 East 73 St., NYC (212) 879-9200. 108 Yellow Sponge wallpaper for living room, by Nina Campbell, at Jonal, NYC; to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (203) 359-1500. 440 chair in shop, by M (Group), to order from Jonal (see above). Crespi viscose/silk/cotton on daybed in shop, to the trade at Christopher Hyland, for showrooms (212) 688-6121. Tintoretto Gold hand-painted canvas wallcovering in shop, \$75, 1' x 9' panel, custom available, by Indian Hill Productions, at Jonal (see above). Volterra cotton for curtains in dining room, from Romagna Collection, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above) Lapis hand-painted canvas wallcovering, \$50, 1' x 9' panel, custom available, by Indian Hill (see above). Pedestal table with faux lapis finish, painted by Indian Hill, to order from Jonal (see above). Jacques Molin gold porcelain dessert plates, at Jonal (see above). Pompeian Red hand-painted canvas wallcovering in city living room, \$75, 1' x 9 panel, custom available, by Indian Hill (see above). 110 Picot Stripe wallpaper in dining room, by Nina Campbell, at Jonal, NYC, to the trade at Osborne & Little (see above). Katherine Houston porcelain vegetables, ostrich egg/silver-plate candleholders, \$175 pr, Jacques Molin gold porcelain egg, Rosso Fiorentina amber glass, at Jonal (see above). Tartan cotton/silk on chairs and ottoman, \$180 yd, 35 yd minimum, chairs, \$975 ea COM, ottoman, \$475 COM, obelisk, at Jonal (see above).

LAGERFELD'S BELLE ÉPOQUE

Pages 116–17 Armchairs, built by M. Gauffroy, at Université 37, Paris (1) 45-48-26-20. Satin La Tour cotton/silk for curtains, by Veraseta, to the trade at Brunschwig & Fils, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Laguna Niguel, London, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, San Diego, San Francisco, Seattle, Toronto, Troy,

Washington, D.C. **120–21** Ninon Taffetas silk, by Veraseta, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above). **123** Silk/linen brocatelle (#6222) for chaise, by Prelle & Cie, to the trade at Classic Revivals, Boston, for showrooms (617) 574-9030.

THE '30s AND BEYOND

Pages 132-39 Decoration, by Thad Hayes Design, NYC (212) 571-1234. 132-33 Parchment/ mahogany cabinet, Venini sconce, similar at Fred Silberman, NYC (212) 925-9470. Facets Diamond chintz rug, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, for showrooms (212) 688-7700. Nina Ditzel wicker chair, similar at Fifty/50, NYC (212) 777-3208. Applause cotton velvet for pillow, to the trade at Gretchen Bellinger, for showrooms (518) 235-2828. 134-35 Pontivier cotton/acrylic/wool velvet on sofa and chair, to the trade at André Bon, for showrooms (212) 355-4012. Zebra Velours Soie silk on pillows, to the trade at Clarence House, NYC, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Dania, Denver, Houston, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland, San Francisco, Seattle, Troy. Chinese sea grass matting, to the trade from Rosecore Carpet, for showrooms (212) 421-7272. Otto Wagner mahogany table, similar at Galerie Metropol, NYC (212) 772-7401. 135 Sphere chandelier, table, similar at Fred Silberman (see above). 136 Horsehair Sateen on chair, to the trade at Lee Jofa, for showrooms (212) 688-0444. 139 Andrew Szoeke night tables, similar at Maison Gerard, NYC (212) 674-7611. Mille Points cotton/rayon/linen on bed, to the trade at André Bon (see above). Sam Kasten linen throw rug, sisal/mohair/rayon carpet (#122-32), to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin (see above).

ESCAPE FROM SEVENTH AVENUE

Page 142 Ready-to-wear sunflower wool crepe hipster dress, from Leva's 1991 fall collection, at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; L. H. Rogers, Salem; I. Magnin; Saks Fifth Avenue. 143 Bill Robinson in items from his 1991 spring collection, at fine stores.

NORTH SHORE MANOR

Pages 150-51 Roses linen/cotton for walls, curtains, and two armchairs, at Bennison Fabrics, NYC (212) 226-4747. Autumn Leaves wool carpet, to the trade at Stark Carpet, for showrooms (212) 752-9000. Pair of standard lamps with fringed shades, from Valley House Antiques, Locust Valley (516) 671-2847. 154 Ceramic cabbages on dining table, by Clare Potter, Box 624, Locust Valley, NY 11560. Chandelier, from Valley House (see above). Genges glazed cotton on banquette, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212) 758-0844. 156-57 Suffolk Stripe wallpaper, from Jane Churchill Collection, to the trade at Cowtan & Tout, for showrooms (212) 753-4488. Redouté Glazed Chintz for curtains, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116-17). Snow Crystal wool carpet, to the trade at Stark (see above).

TV

Page 158 Modified Sinar Bron system, by Smith-Miller & Hawkinson Architects, NYC (212) 966-3875; Panasonic monitor (#CT-2010Y) with high resolution, for dealers (201) 348-7000. Primitive Androyd monitor, by Shozo Toyohisa, through Eastern Accent International, Boston (617) 536-5909. Modified Fornasetti refrigerator, by M (Group), NYC (212) 874-0773. Italian baroque secretary, modified by M (Group), from Dampierre & Co., NYC (212) 966-5474; Panasonic TV with builtin VCR (#PV-M1328) (see above). lvy-covered cabinet, by John Ryman, NYC (212) 529-9766; Sony Trinitron (#KV-29XBR85), at fine stores. 159 Pop-top TV table, by Joseph Biunno, NYC (212) 629-5630; Sharp 25" TV, for dealers (800) 237-4277. TV in gym, installed by Ultimate Sound & Installation, Richmond Hill (718) 441-6161; Proton TV (#VT-210), for dealers (800) 829-3444. Custom lacquered and gilded TV cabinet, by Peter Marino Architect, NYC (212) 752-5444; Mitsubishi TV (#CS-3506R), for dealers (800) 527-8888. Bookshelf TV cabinet, by Richard Gillette/Stephen Shadley Designs, NYC (212) 243-6913; Sony Trinitron 27" TV (see above). 160 NAD TV (#MR13a) in blond wood forties cabinet, for dealers (800) 263-4641. Fireplace wall sound-and-video installation, by Bromley Caldari Architects, NYC (212) 620-4250. Footboard for pop-up TV, by Arquitectonica, Miami (305) 442-9381. Audio-visual wall, by Steven Forman Architect, NYC (212) 486-0352; Mitsubishi 35" TV (see above). Alfred Gorig stone/glass/ metal cabinet, from Modern Stone Age, NYC (212) 966-2570. Maple TV temple, by Kurt G. Holsapple, Germantown (518) 537-6669. Michael Graves's Kyoto cherry-veneer cabinet, from Arkitektura, NYC (212) 334-5570. Studio Collection mahogany TV cabinet, by Parish-Hadley, to the trade at Luten Clarey Stern, for showrooms (212) 838-6420. Trix and Robert Haussmann's Sesam mirrored TV cabinet, from Ernst Röthlisberger & Co., Gumligen (31) 521-652; Revox TV (#200-S), for dealers (615) 254-5651. 161 Sandbagging, by Brian Murphy, BAM Construction/Design, Santa Monica (213) 393-3252. Projection TV System, by Waldo Designs, Los Angeles (213) 278-1803; installed by Southern California Electronics, Los Angeles (213) 275-7754; Sony Videoscope rear projection TV (see above). Two-by-four TV cabinet, by Franklin D. Israel Design Associates, Beverly Hills (213) 652-8087. Burrows media room, by Charles Lagreco, Architectural Collective, Venice (213) 301-2012, and Sid Shier, Los Angeles (213) 874-1565. Tokyo Radio Tower/The Ghost in a Box cabinet, by Eugenia Butler, Los Angeles (213) 281-8234. CuBa High Cabinet, to the trade from Dakota Jackson, NYC (212) 838-9444; JVC TV (#AV-3189S), for dealers (800) 252-5722. 162 Periscope-style TV, by Frederic Schwartz, Anderson/Schwartz Architects, NYC (212) 608-0185; Sony Triniton TV (#KV-8AD12) (see above). Four-screen TV, by Krueck & Olsen, architects of record, Chicago (312) 787-0056; Sony Trinitron 32" TV (see above). White birch storage cabinet with TV tray, by Alison Spear, NYC (212) 219-1011; Sony Trinitron TV (#KV-25XBR Pro) (see above). Under-the-kitchencounter cabinet, by Hariri & Hariri, NYC (212) 727-0338. Bird's-eve maple cabinet, by Chao-Ming Wu Architects, NYC (212) 966-2000; Proton TV (#VT-331) (see above). Spanish colonial style cabinet, by Thomas Callaway, Los Angeles (213) 447-2889. 163 Kenny Scharf TV, from Tony Shafrazi Gallery, NYC (212) 274-9300. Greenhouse dining alcove, by Clodagh Design International, NYC (212) 673-9202; Sony Trinitron 27" TV (see above). Audio-visual wall, by Shirley Chang Architect, NYC (212) 673-4773; Sharpvision projection TV (#XV100), by Sharp (see above). Swiveling TV armature system, by Bromley Caldari Architects (see above)

A VERY PROPER HOUSE

Pages 164–65 Crossgrain wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116–17). 166 Lino Vert linen on sofa, to the trade at Scalamandré, for showrooms (212) 980-3888. 167 Gallier Diamond wallpaper, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116–17). Custom braided wool rug, to the trade to order at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, for showrooms (212) 688-7700.

VISIONARIES AT HOME

Pages 170–75 Architecture, by Machado & Silvetti Associates, Boston (617) 426-7070. 172 Plaster casts, at Giust Gallery, Boston (617) 445-3800.

REMAKING MAIDSTONE HALL

Pages 182-89 Design and decoration, by Michael R. La Rocca and Keith D. Palazzola of Michael R. La Rocca, NYC (212) 755-5558. Construction and millwork, by Jeffrey Collé of J.C. Construction, Watermill (516) 726-4410. 182-83 Antique Ushak rug, similar at F. J. Hakimian, NYC (212) 888-4709. Tiger Velvet silk/linen/cotton, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116-17). Locarno cotton damask for curtains and club chairs, to the trade at Fonthill, for showrooms (212) 755-6700. Budapest viscose/cotton on wing chair, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 134-35). Romantique metal/glass coffee table, at Objets Plus, NYC (212) 832-3386. 184 Chrysso Damask cotton/linen on chairs and window seat, to the trade at Brunschwig (see above for pgs 116–17). Italian marble table, similar at Niall Smith, NYC (212) 255-0660. Tamesa Silk Taffeta for apricot pillows, to the trade at Osborne & Little, for showrooms (203) 359-1500.



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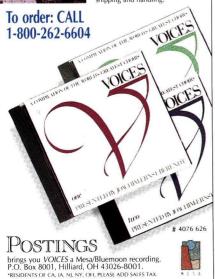


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185 Delft urns and marble bowl, similar at Niall Smith (see above). 186 Passage Renaissance worsted wool rug, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges, for showrooms (212) 688-7700. Vignoble linen/cotton for curtains, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 134-35). Round mahogany table (#T8186), to the trade at KPS, NYC (212) 686-7784. 187 English sconces, similar at Niall Smith (see above). 1766 Hamilton engravings, similar at Russissimoff Antiques, NYC (212) 752-1284. 188-89 Reyburn Damask cotton/ rayon on table, to the trade at Bailey & Griffin, for showrooms (212) 371-4333. Clarendon cotton/linen on canopy, window seat, and chair, Trenor chintz for canopy lining and bed ruffle, to the trade at Rose Cumming, for showrooms (212) 758-0844 Midford Moiré chintz for curtains Three-Over Stripe wallpaper, to the trade at Clarence House (see above for pgs 134-35). Persian Garden Wilton wool carpet, to the trade at Patterson, Flynn, Martin & Manges (see above). Bed linens, to the trade at Anichini, for stores (800) 553-5309.

GREAT IDEAS

Pages 191-92 Valmont penwork headboard, La Luna headboard with 22-kt gold leaf, Oak Bed headboard, Coventry headboard with 22-kt gold leaf, Prince of Wales bed crown, to the trade to custom order from Scott Warshaw Collection, Riviera Beach (407) 844-2325, (407) 844-3919 (fax): Bill Nessen, Dania (305) 925-0606, in FL (800) 541-0886. Bedding, by Simmons Beautyrest, at fine department stores. Down/feather pillows, by Scandia Down, for Scandia Down stores (800) 237-5337 191 Mohair/ribbon throw, \$495, similar at Slatkin & Co., NYC (212) 794-1661. Plumetis silk/cotton queen sheets, European square sham, by Nancy Koltes, to the trade at Nancy Koltes Fine Linens & Textiles, NYC; retail at E. Braun & Co., NYC; Scandia Down, Ardmore; Stanley Korshak, Dallas (to order); Lynnen's, Greenwich (to order); Lin Marché, San Antonio; Abrielle, Washington, D.C. Vittadini Classico tartan decorative pillow and neckroll, paisley decorative pillow, by Adrienne Vittadini, for stores (800) 841-3336. Linen sham with appliqué border, \$225, by Ravage, at Archetype Gallery, NYC (212) 334-0100. Whitaker quilted velvet throw pillows, \$275 ea, from Ralph Lauren Home Collection at Polo/Ralph Lauren and fine department stores; for more information, 1185 Ave. of the Americas, New York, NY 10036, (212) 642-8700. Eleanor's Ribbon cotton boudoir sham with tapestry border, by Nancy Koltes (see above). Pacific Stripe sham, \$38, European square, flat sheet, \$20, twin, Buttercup fitted sheet, \$20, twin, by Sheridan, for stores (800) 777-9563. Plains Indian blanket, \$138, twin, by Pendleton, for stores (212) 661-1670. 192 Shagreen pillowcase, \$24.99 pr. standard, by Osborne & Little for Revman, for stores (800) 237-0658. Cottage Plaid cotton standard sham, by Esprit Bath & Bed, from WestPoint Pepperell, for stores (800) 533-8229. Gwendolyn gingham decorative pillow, \$39.99, by Mario Buatta for Revman (see above). Plaid cotton decorative pillow, from Pier 1 Imports, for Pier 1 stores (800) 447-4371. Botanica decorative breakfast pillow, from Fieldcrest, for stores (800) 841-3336. Pequin cotton pillowcase, \$28 pr, standard, by Fendi for Royalton, from Bibb Co., for stores (800) 444-2422. Pastiche hand-screened cotton pillowcase \$70, standard, by Ravage, at Archetype (see above). Just Violets cotton sham (#15712538). \$26, standard, from Lands' End, to order (800) 345-3696. Cynthia's Delight pillowcase, \$15 pr, standard, by Cynthia Gibson for Royalton, from Bibb Co. (see above). Woods flat sheet, \$12.99, twin, decorative pillow, \$39.99, coordinating fabric used as fitted sheet, 90" wide, 3 yds long, \$49.99, all by Katja for Revman (see above). Mohair/ribbon throw, \$495, similar at Slatkin (see above). Voghi Victoria silk/cashmere throw, 55" x 72", by Nancy Koltes (see above). Simply Cotton chemical-free cotton standard pillow sham, by Utica, for stores call Stevens (800) 533-8229. Elizabeth cotton paisley sham (with pillow), \$78, breakfast, from Ralph Lauren (see above). Debrett velvet throw pillows,

\$337 ea, Wexford wool throw pillow, \$181, Kyler silk/gold cord throw pillow, \$412, Brady cotton pillowcase, \$49 pr, standard, cotton flat sheet, \$56, full, Cotton fitted sheet, \$56, full, Crest wool throw, \$650, Cashmere Paisley throw banded in suede, \$4,350, from Ralph Lauren (see above). Supercale Plus pink sheet, approx \$10, twin, Supercale Easy-Care purple sheet, approx \$16, twin, from Wamsutta/Pacific, for stores (800) 344-2142. Sunflower gilt cast-resin tiebacks, by William Harvey Studio for Loom Co., at Gibraltar, Charleston; Daryl Westfall, East Hampton; Tuscany, Greenwich; Room with a View, Santa Monica; Gump's mail order (800) 284-8677.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: The photographs in the August "Food" column were styled by Sally Schneider.

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House & Garden (ISSN 0018-6406) is published monthly by The Condé Nast Publications Inc., 9100 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills CA 90212. PRINCI-PAL OFFICE: 350 Madison Avenue, New York NY 10017. Bernard H. Leser, President; Eric C. Anderson, Vice President-Treasurer; Pamela van Zandt, Vice President–Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Beverly Hills CA and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash. Magazine Registration File No. 9016. Canadian Goods and Services Tax Registration No. R123242885. Subscriptions, in U.S. and possessions, \$24 for one year, \$46 for two years; in Canada, \$41 for one year, including GST. Elsewhere, \$43 for one year, payable in advance. Single copies: U.S. \$4, Canada \$4.50. For subscriptions, address changes, and adjustments, write to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder CO 80322. Fight weeks are required for change of address. Please give both new address and old as printed on last label. First copy of a new subscription will be mailed within eight weeks after receipt of order. Manuscripts, drawings, and other material submitted must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. However, House & Garden is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury as to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, or transparencies), or any other unsolicited material.

Subscription inquiries: Please write to House & Garden, Box 53916, Boulder CO 80322 or call (800) 234-1520. Address all editorial, business, and production correspondence to House & Garden Magazine, 350 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017.

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Diane von Furstenberg As everybody who was has designs on the '90s must surely know,

alive in the seventies Diane von Furstenberg married a prince

named Egon, then proceeded to become very rich and even more famous because of a little cotton-jersey wrap dress she had whipped up on a whim. Back then, of course, she was more than the raven-haired wife of the dashing young prince. More, in fact, than the exotic twenty-nine-year-old fashion-cum-cosmetics phenomenon on the cover of Newsweek magazine. Her husband's title notwithstanding, back then, you will recall, she was the reigning queen of New York City. "They were the crazy years, the years when I was on top of the world. I had a Fifth Avenue apartment, I had a perfect business life, I had a perfect family life, and then at midnight I would put on my cowboy boots and go to Studio 54 and have a whole other life." If many of Furstenberg's corevelers from that period have since developed selective amnesia, she has not: "People were smoking pot, sex was free, it was like there were no limits to anything. It was a period of great liberation. It was fun."

Nonetheless, fifteen years and a continent later, the

only vestige of that colorful past is a polychromatic portrait by Andy Warhol above the mantel in Furstenberg's luxe Left Bank apartment, which is where I dropped in one cold rainy afternoon in late June. "I have always been a little bit ahead in my thinking," said Furstenberg, who was wearing cobaltblue leggings and an oversize chartreuse silk shirt of her own design that was open to reveal a halter. She offered an example: "The seventies were my eighties— I wanted to be on the cover of Fortune." During the actual eighties, a decade in which it seemed that everyone else wanted to be on the cover of Fortune, Furstenberg downshifted out of the fast lane.



"The 1970s were the crazy years,

the years when I was on top of the world"

She divorced her prince, sold her beauty business, fled the States, and fell in love, first with a Brazilian in Bali— "We lived in a little bamboo house on the beach; I wore sarongs"—then with a writer in Paris. "I wanted to be a woman, a companion to a man. I didn't want to be a tycoon anymore. I wanted to be emotionally dependent."

Not surprisingly, one decade of this proved plenty for Furstenberg, who awoke from her Anaïs Nin-style dream with the nineties. "I thought to myself, 'What am I going to be? The one who was famous when she was twenty-nine?' All of a sudden I turned on again." Does this suggest a comeback? It does. "Now I have big plans, big plans. And lots of projects. I have experience, I have energy, and I have the desire to do things." Although Furstenberg is mysterious about what those things might be, fashion, accessories, textiles, beauty, and health are mentioned as inevitable candidates for her attention. As is the home: "Home is very important—more and more and more." Any predictions? "The big thing in the next ten years will be well-being-not luxury."

Meanwhile back in Manhattan, where Furstenberg maintains a pied-à-terre, Bantam is set to release the book on beds she recently completed with collaborator Olivier Gelbsmann. Pourquoi le lit? "The bed is such a symbol, you bring everything to the bed—your anxieties, your loves—you abandon yourself." With typical American indiscretion, I asked how many of the nearly two hundred beds in the book had she personally slept in. "Five are mine," she responded. A companion volume for Bantam on baths is now in the works. And at Salvy,

> the Paris-based publishing house Furstenberg founded in 1989, the presses are ready to roll on the French edition of Bret Easton Ellis's controversial novel, American Psycho.

> Another tome that might make for an eye-opening read is the diary Furstenberg has been keeping since 1969. Locked safely away at Cloudwalk Farm, the Connecticut estate she considers her true home, it is "one of the two things that have kept me sane." And the other thing? "My children," gushed the proud parent, who then extolled the virtues of twenty-yearold Brown graduate Tatiana, the namesake of Furstenberg's first perfume, and twenty-one-year-old Brown undergraduate Alexandre, the "new Sexiest Man Alive," according to Allure magazine. ("He's much more than that," clarified Mom.)

Although I didn't ask Furstenberg if she had any plans to publish her autobiography-she'd already made it clear that her life is a work in progress—I did ask if she ever looked back over the volumes, which is to say, over the years. "Yes," she said. "I think it's important to be able to smile at your shadow and wink at yourself in the mirror."

Charles Gandee